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THE MARBLE MOUNTAINS

By Edwin B. Child

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

"GOIN' to shoot in there. Got about twenty or thirty holes we've got to fire." It was a tall, gaunt Yankee overseer in a mountain marble quarry, and I was asking what the unusual look of things meant. I had hung around this and other quarries for days at a time, and this day was different. The noisy clank of cutters and drills was stilled, and a number of machines had been loaded on cars where the skewy track came elbowing out of the quarry pit, giving somewhat the look of a May moving.

"You ain't goin' to touch 'em all, air ye, Ed?" queried the Blacksmith, who, like all native Yankee quarrymen, always calls the foreman familiarly by his first name, abbreviated. "Got eighteen filled, and I can touch nine. If the other feller's as good as I be, we'll git 'em."

"Guess the fust 'll come pretty near bein' warm before you git round," said the Blacksmith with a grin.

"Ed" looked at him dryly. "Once I touched twenty-two and a 'cotton' alone." A grim twinkle came into a corner of his near eye, and he spit with precision at a chunk of marble. "The fust one *was* pretty nigh burnt when I touched the last, and I wa'n't a hell of a ways out of the quarry when they begun to pop." And he stalked away around a pile of refuse marble—"refuge," Sim Jenkins called it—to another part of the quarry.

So I learned that they were about to blast away a layer of stone that covered a lower pocket of marble in a part of the pit hidden by the buttressed entrance. Before I got in sight of the men who were tamping in the charges there came a sudden sharp explosion, followed by somewhat involved diaconal oaths that belong to Vermonters, and back around the turn came the overseer, running with ashy face, followed by other men, fearful of a premature explosion. Luckily no harm was done, though it had been a close call for young Abe Slocum, lately graduated from water-boy to helper. The scare made "Ed" reminiscent.

"No, nobody ever got hurt blastin' in my time. Once when we was gettin' out a slice up there jest below where you see that derrick"—and he pointed to where a flying buttress of marble seemed to bolster up the mountain at one side of the entrance, a striking piece of natural architecture left by the accident of cutting away the marble each side—"you know we had a way of strippin' back the cotton an inch or so, an' then shakin' out the black paowder. We had about a dozen holes to bust up there, and jest as I had touched two or three, I heard a kind of a 'siss' behind me, an' I sez, 'Gosh, boys, she's in the paowder!' We had to git up about ten or a dozen feet of ladder to git out of that hole, and we didn't stop long. We'd jest got over the edge when the place was pretty well filled with pieces of rock. You can bet I give that feller a combin' thet stripped that cotton. He said they was just goin' down in to find us. They'd heared the blow and didn't see us in the smoke. I told him he'd better git his mind on strippin' his cotton ruther'n goin' down in holes pickin' up pieces of humans. Then we went back and fired the other nine."

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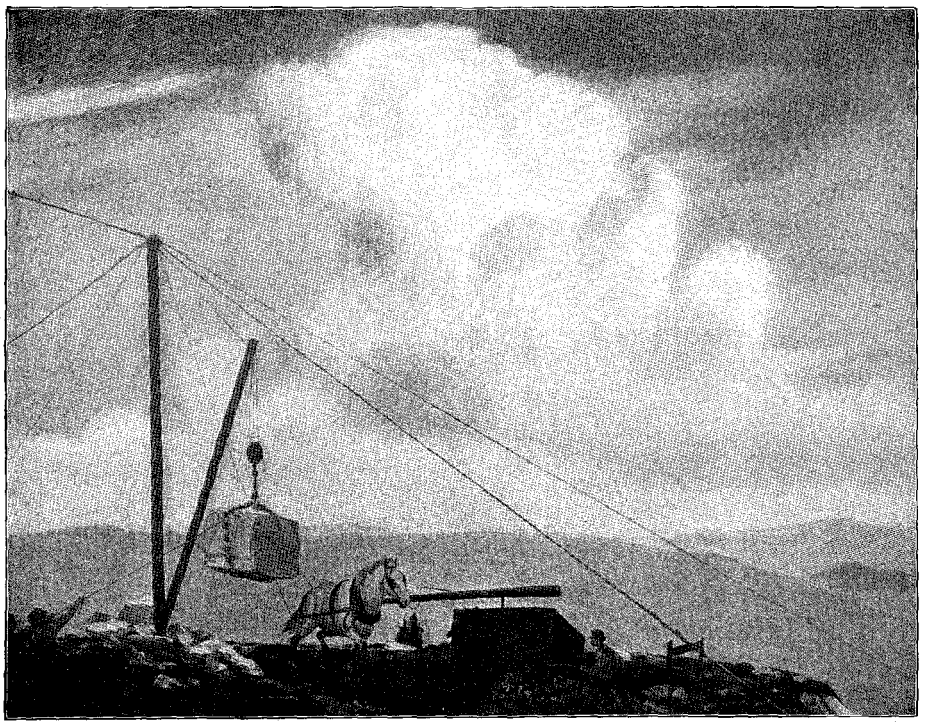

Here again our gray is harnessed to a sweep.—Page 517.

In a short time everything was ready. The men were gathered in groups well out of danger, a great shoulder of the mountain protruding itself between us and the charges. The foreman and his helper, Bill Crandall, had gone in with red-hot irons that the blacksmith had been keeping ready, and had come out again on a run, he having touched his nine and one more; for Bill had made but eight. It was a bit thrilling, the explosions following each other irregularly, tearing, wrenching, rending the ledges, filling the pit with booming, echoing thunder and flying rock, some pieces going sky-high and landing far up the mountain in the woods. Dense clouds of smoke and dust followed, against which were silhouetted the foreman's lank figure as he stood with his stocky helper, keeping count, well in advance of the men. As he counted he noted by "That was a good poke" or "Somethin' lifted then" the blasts that were doing what was wanted. "Yes, I kin tell pretty much whether they're liftin' the rock right or jest shootin' off for show. And I caount 'cause it's jest as well to know if all the holes has blowed," he continued. "I wouldn't want to set down where one was hangin' fire, and it's pretty hard to tell, when two or three go off together, jest how many they be."

"No, 'taint dynamite. We use black paowder: it breaks the rock up better. Dynamite is so sort of sudden: it's apt to crumble everything up into dust in a little hole, and then it's so powerful it strains the hull maountain. It might run a crack right through a good vein of marble, and besides in this quarry we have to look out for the roof of our tunnel."

This quarry of which "Ed" Hooker was the overseer is perched high up on the side of a steep mountain, and reached by a rough road that zigzags its way laboriously through side-hill pastures and sugar-maple woods, past a dingy line of quarrymen's houses, adhering with apparent uncertainty to the steep slope, their front-yard flower-gardens nearly bumping the eaves, and the pig-pens and chicken-yards almost hanging from the cellar walls; then the road curves itself up to where the quarry rears its white cliffs. The open cut is a pit only in part. The marble mountain has been sliced down

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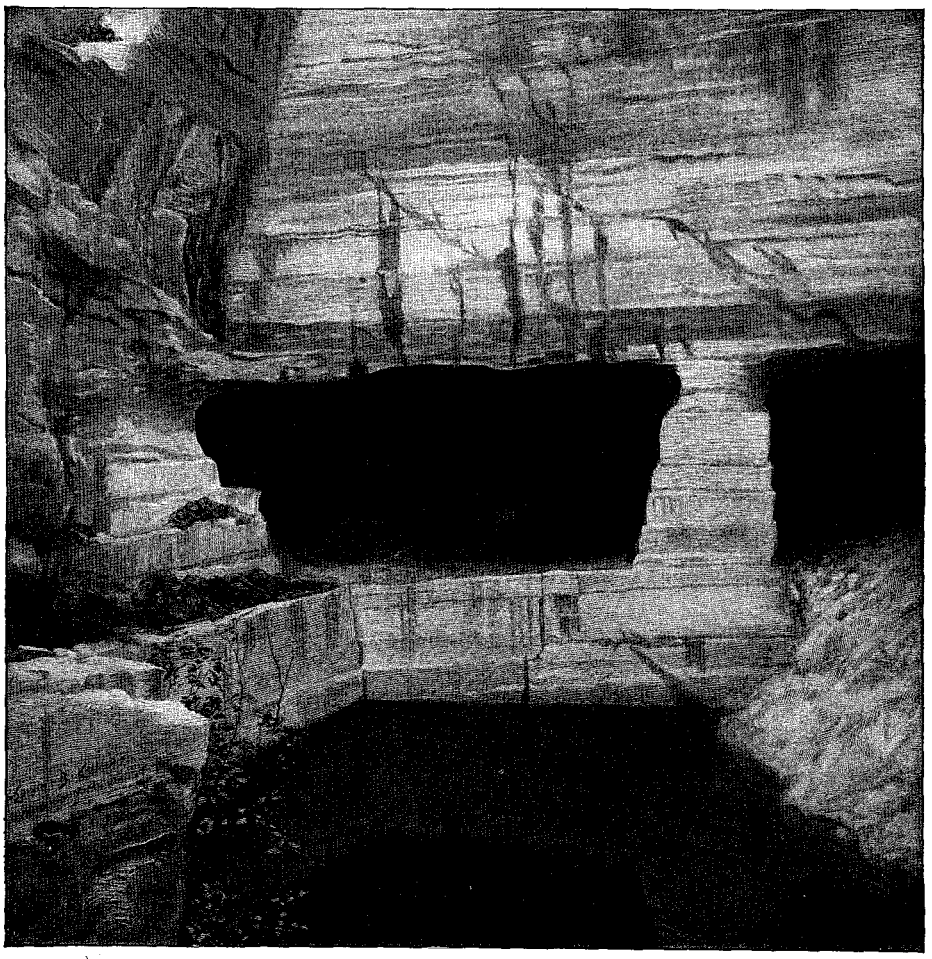
until, in the rear, the white walls have become precipices from which drop thread-like cables from tall derricks, whose power is steam, or the steady circling of a big gray horse, seeming as unconcerned as a goat or a burro, as he pulls his sweep to the edge of the cliff. Through the pit from the entrance wanders a track, vastly uncertain as to its curves and wilful as to its abrupt changes of grade, carrying single-truck cars on which the blocks are loaded by the far-above derricks and run out to their big plunge down the mountain-side.

Here again our gray is harnessed to a sweep, first to shift the blocks from the small car to the cable, and then to start that car forward to the verge of the incline, where its weight begins to tug at the cable drums with their four great brakes, and the counter-balancing car that is bringing up its load of coal and other supplies. A full mile this incline plunges straight down to the railroad in the valley.

"You can ride if you want to," said Hooker; "I won't charge you no fare, and I won't insure your life. If she should fetch loose she'll go hell bent for 'lection. There won't nothin' stop her this side of Jericho. She never broke but once, and that was after she'd been runnin' seventeen year. It's near seventeen more now, and I shouldn't wonder if somethin' was about due."

In striking contrast to the open cut are the tunnels, where the same veins of marble are reached by burrowing into the heart of



Wide shadowy caves whose narrower entrances are deep-set eye-sockets in the face of the white cliff.—Page 518.

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things in wide shadowy caves whose narrower entrances are deep-set eye-sockets in the face of the white cliff. Their wide vaulted roofs are supported by piers and walls of marble, left as the quarrymen drill their way in. They are huge and handsome, but seem too infrequent for safety when one sees the enormous span of the cave roof and considers the weight of mountain overhead.

"There's lots of places in this here tunnel where I wouldn't work, not for tew dollars a day," said the Blacksmith; and he pointed significantly to some large slabs forming a part of the tunnel floor and to the reversed imprint of their shapes overhead. "Bill Jenkins was considerable flatted out a couple of years ago when a ton or tew fell on him—right over there where that broken cog lays. We was comin' out together, I was just a leetle ahead, 'n' he was talkin' 'baout the loose scale, an' he chucked his drill up at it. 'Twas jest enough to start it, an' gosh-fer-a-mighty, but if I wa'n't close! It fanned my hair and ears, an' de'yer know his heart came aout jest like a piece of notepaper. Well, I went off and didn't come to till after they'd got him out. After that they fixed things up some. They knocked off all the loose scale and was pretty keerful for a while; but that don't last long nowheres." By which I saw that the Blacksmith was something of a philosopher.

On rainy and lowery days the work is trying in the tunnels. The steam and smoke thicken and hang heavy, so that the men can with difficulty see each other at arm's reach. It seems uncanny to stand by the half hour within ten feet of a gang of men, your ear assailed by clatter and din of cutters and drills, the hissing of steam, the scraping of shovel and clang of iron bars on stone—hearing the voices of busy contented men, or their united grunts as they heave together, prying at some stubborn stone, but seeing nothing. Look toward the entrance, and the fog lessens a bit; shadowy forms come suddenly out of the gloom walking on fog; a silhoutte of horses, both exactly the same fog color, though one is black and one white in the open. The top of a crane with no base shapes itself out of the smudge, swings a block of fog-colored marble toward some fog-colored men, who guide it to a fog-colored car, on which the foggy horses drag it out into daylight.

With a shift of weather the sun gets the better of the clouds outside, and almost at once the thick smoke and steam are gone. Everything becomes strong, definite, and bold. Powerful lines of natural rock cleavage run riot overhead. In a shadowy corner a torch that was helpless against the fog glows on the men who are mending or adjusting some tool with its aid, and a block of marble that the derrick has lifted from its long sleep of thousands of years comes pearly white from its bed. Close by, outside, is the big dump, its side tumbling down the mountain like rip-rapping on a great river-bank, its top a fine wide level which grows larger with each season's added waste. Here in the summer, overlooking a splendid sweep of the valley that divides the Green Mountains from the Taconic Range, the men from the tunnels, where not even active work prevents the damp chill from penetrating to the bones, come to sun themselves while they eat their dinner. They are not unconscious of the beauty of the place—"Sightly" they call it "Ain't it slick and neat?" said the Blacksmith.

Nearly all of the men at this quarry are Yankees, men whose skill and intelligence are varied and who do not need overmuch bossing; who can, and often do, turn from quarrying to farming or house-building or plumbing or running a river-boat on the Hudson, or even managing a hotel for the unwary summer boarder. Among the young and husky quarrymen old Nathan Weeks looked misplaced. His close-cropped chin-whisker was white, his shoulders narrow, and his movements slow. It seemed that a restful sunny front porch would be a more fitting place for him than a quarry-pit.

"He does move tarnation slow," said the Blacksmith, "but he's the best man in the quarry yet. He don't need no talkin' to nuther. He's alwuz thar an' knows what he's up to, and he can do more'n the best man next, whatever it is. There ain't a man in the caounty can chop as many trees in a day as he can, and every stump he leaves is as slick and smooth as if he'd planed it. It don't make no difference how fast the rest on 'em start, he's alwuz the fust to the top of the maountain, and he never stops to breathe himself before he puts his axe in. I remember seein' him once pullin' a big stone for the underpin-

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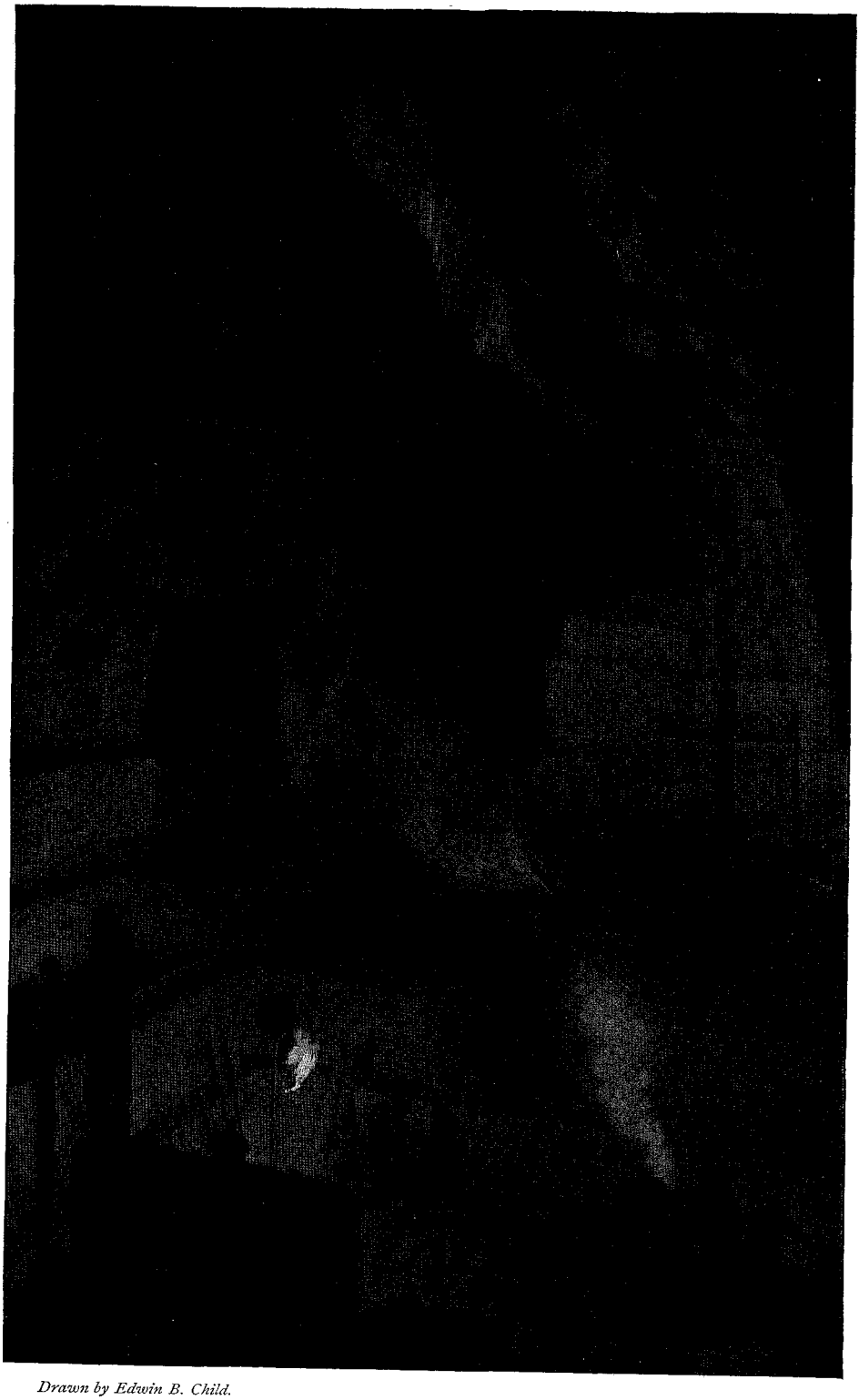

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Powerful lines of natural rock cleavage run riot overhead.—Page 518.

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nin' of his barn. He'd yoked up a big pair, weighin' a ton apiece, to the stone, with 'baout fifty foot of chain, and the oxen daown in a mess of brush in a gully, and he'd swing his gad and throw them oxen inter the yoke and stop 'em when she'd slid jest an inch and a quarter. Another quarter would 'a' ripped the whole inside stuffin' out of everything. By gum, you couldn't put a leaf between the stone and the sill he'd drawed to! And he's jest as good anywhere in the quarry. He looks sort of peaked and old, but he's awful tough. Did you ever go to one of his meetin's? You'd oughter have. His father was an old Methody exhorter, an' he kinder inherited it. He used to have meetin's in the school-house over in Spanktown Holler, reg'lar. But it got so't folks would go to laff jest hearin' him pray and he give it up. Gosh, but Silas Way ketched it once! The old man got up and he sez: 'They's some folks thet don't know any more abaout missions than Brother Silas over thar.' Then Silas he quit goin'."

Nathan Weeks.

The Blacksmith threw down the last of the bunch of drills he had been sharpening, settled down on a bench near the door, filled his pipe, and went on. "'Way up in the end of the Holler, near where them big pot-holes is that you've heared about, Uncle Nate's father used to have a quarry where he an' Nate used to git out a few small blocks the best they could in winter. They didn't have no sech tools as we have nowadays, but they'd manage to split 'em up and smooth 'em down with old pieces of grin'stone and sech like, and bimeby they'd git a bunch of pretty likely lookin' headstones. Sometimes the old man would set to work and fix up one or two off extra. He'd cut a bunch of leaves with the stems stickin' right out so't you could see 'em jest as plain—or a harp with strings to it. I tell you they was awful slick and neat. Then he'd load 'em up in his wagon and go peddlin'. Sometimes when folks was real healthy he'd git a good ways off, clear to Ohio, 'fore he'd get sold aout.

"Well, one day they found a new vein of marble in the quarry. You know they didn't have no way of corein' the way we do now, an' 'twa'n't easy to tell what was under you. Anyhow, he'd found enough to make him think he was fixed. He wouldn't have to git rich, he could jest sit down an' *be* rich. So when he got home that night he sez to his wife, 'Miss Weeks,' sez he, 'yer needn't to wear caliker no more. Yer can wear bombazine fer every day naow.' Well, the next mornin' he went back to the quarry an' he found that there'd been a 'slide,' and his quarry an' his tools was under about twenty thousand tons of maountain."

The other old man of the quarry was "Be Num." He was bent and grizzled, and his manner of working indicated that he was kept on the job more for what he had been than for any present efficiency. But there was a slight twist in the ends of his moustache that did not belong to Vermont. "Yes, he's French," said the Blacksmith; "a 'Kanuck'. His real name is Alphonse Le Grande, but we all call him 'Be Num' for short. That's French for good man!"

Deeper in the mountain, reached by an unlighted passage dubious to find one's way through, or by a farther outside opening, partly covered by indiscriminate masses of rock that have from time to time tumbled from the overhanging cliff, is an older tunnel, long since unworked. An irregular squat column of singular charm of color and shape supports the entrance. The interior is richly tinted by time and smoke and water. A shadowy pool fills the back of the cave, reflecting dimly its strange forms and mysterious beauty, the dimness and the mystery deepening until all disappears in veiled shadow that has no boundaries. Figures look unreal like the figures on the low-lighted stage of a great opera. It seems like a dream-setting for some scene from Wagner. A few notes of a Wagner *motif* from a child's treble voice float in high half-echoing vibrations, until they join the mystic shadow. And a

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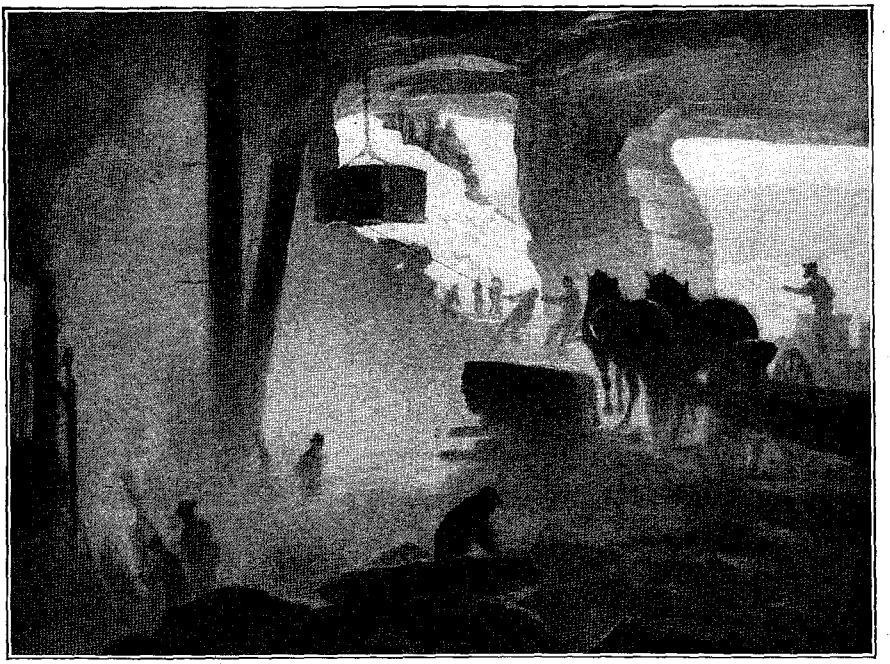

Shadowy forms come suddenly out of the gloom.—Page 518.

bass voice in an answering theme seems to come from and belong to the place. The figures move into the gloom and are still, and, in the silence, comes a beautiful liquid note with its whispered echo as unseen water drips, drips, into the pool whose surface shows no sign.

A line of men formed a long pulsating diagonal across the composition as they heaved rythmically at the end of a rope stretching over the yawning pit. The first man's foot was braced against the lower right-hand corner of my sketch-book, and the last man's straining shoulder smudged against the base of a derrick at the upper left; behind them the open quarry on the edge of which they were working. That was the way it looked as an arrangement. They were replacing a steel guy-rope that the night before had whipped itself loose under the strain of a too heavy load, and savagely lashed the marble within a foot of Cy Cole, the gang foreman, who was now bossing the repair of it, and who was at the moment hanging by a derrick hook halfway down the side of the sheer wall, rigging a block and tackle.

It was at one of the quarries that lie in the open valley, shining with dazzling white in the full glare of the sun, its great pits dropping into dizzying depths, cool, luminous, and clean, where men, looking like flies in a sugar-bucket, slop around in snow-white mud. Far down, black machines, puffing inky smoke from their rust-red stacks, clank heavily to and fro, chiselling deep grooves. Higher up, small battalions of cutters, spurting their criss-crossing jets of white steam, move across tables of rock to the very verge of the lower pits, but never going over. One always expects them to, seeing often no stops at the end of their projecting tracks.

Steam is everywhere, twisting its hot way through endless many-elbowed pipes that creep along ledges, drop into pits, climb dizzy walls, and wander about the quarry in drunken zigzags. It spurts itself out of every loose joint or leaky valve, watching its chances to puff at some unsuspecting bystander with a smother of dirty warm water, and then suddenly with explosive coughs it slams the drills into their grooves. It sputters in spasmodic gasps where the three-legged drills are worrying their way with bull-dog tenacity into the sides of the unsplit blocks, and urges the big pumps

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with wheezy groan to keep down the incoming water in the lowest levels. It puffs itself out in cloudlets that jump and climb, chased by blue shadows up the cream-white dazzle of sunlit marble walls. It plays little picture games, smothering a figure from view, but leaving his shadow silhouetted beyond. It gathers, on days of heavy cloud and misty rain, from all the machines in a dramatic sweep of white against the angry gray-blue sky and mountain. It screams out of shrill signal whistles; it roars its way out of safety-valves; it hauls endless steel cables on a dozen derricks and coils them snugly around the big drums in the engine-houses; it does a hundred busy things in a hundred busy ways, now with saucy impudence, now with vigorous, forceful emphasis, now with mighty resistless power.

Around the pit, stayed by a clumsy lace-work of guy-ropes, are perched the huge derricks, rearing their powerful arms against the big blue and white and green of sky and cloud and mountain. Its boundaries are piled walls of alabaster, sliced through by railroad tracks, on which snorting locomotives push empty cars up heavy grades for loading, or carefully take them down again with their shining burden.

"Be Num."

Such a quarry is in striking contrast to "Ed" Hooker's. It seems more modern, though perhaps it is not. It may be the sensations one gets from creeping in near the heart of a mother mountain, where might be whispered secrets treasured through the ages, giving an element of unreality that disappears here where all is in open day. Differences in ways of working may be due only to differences of conditions; some ways of working will not do where land slopes at an apparent angle of forty-five degrees. One sees modern harvesting-machines—the kind invented in the big flat West—used in the valley farms, but they will not work on "Uncle Nate's" side-hill meadows, where to ride an ordinary mowing-machine is dare-devil boys' work. At any rate, it seems more modern. No horses toil around dragging heavy sweeps; no oxen heave their mighty backs straining to start heavy blocks, though even they are still to be seen in some quarries. There are no mysteries of mountain caves. Pictures there are, as are always to be found when sturdy men are doing their days' work.

Here the men are of all sorts—Yankees, French, Italian, Irish, Poles—some having their homes in the near-by farms and villages, where they and their fathers have farmed and quarried and lived the lives of good citizens for generations; others living in bunches in bare, raw, two-roomed boarding-houses, where all the sleeping is done in one room, and the cooking and eating in the other. They all seem to work together in harmony. Indeed, they display wonderful unanimity in dropping sledge or lever, shovel or chain, to start up the long ladders, like ants in unbroken line, when the noon whistle blows.

"Folks always say that these fellows do a lot of loafing," said the foreman, "and some of 'em do seem to stand round a good deal; but quarrying is hard work, and they all earn their day's pay 'fore night comes."

Much of the work is heavy and tiring, but by ten minutes after twelve dinner-pails are out of sight and a lively game of base-ball is in progress, played with all the zest of school-boys relieved from several hours over books and whose blood needs stirring.

Back to their work they go at one, and it is a merry crew, full of jibes and horse-play, with now and then a dry Yankee joke slipped in where it will do the most good. There seems always time for a friendly interchange of snowballs, made of marble dust and water, that move with a degree of emphasis that makes clever dodging prudent. Back to the cutters that begin work-

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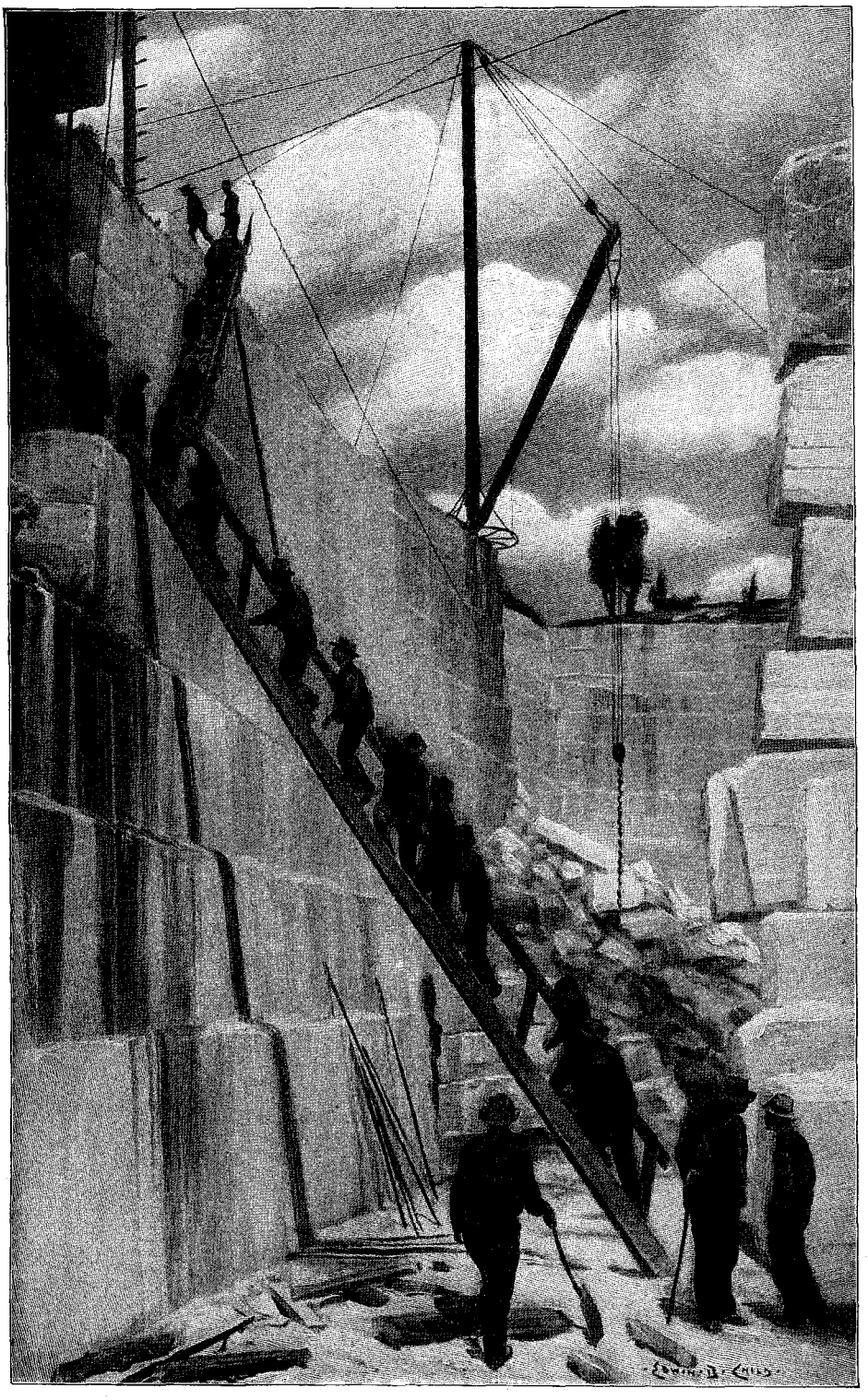

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Start up the long ladders, like ants in unbroken line, when the noon whistle blows.—Page 522.

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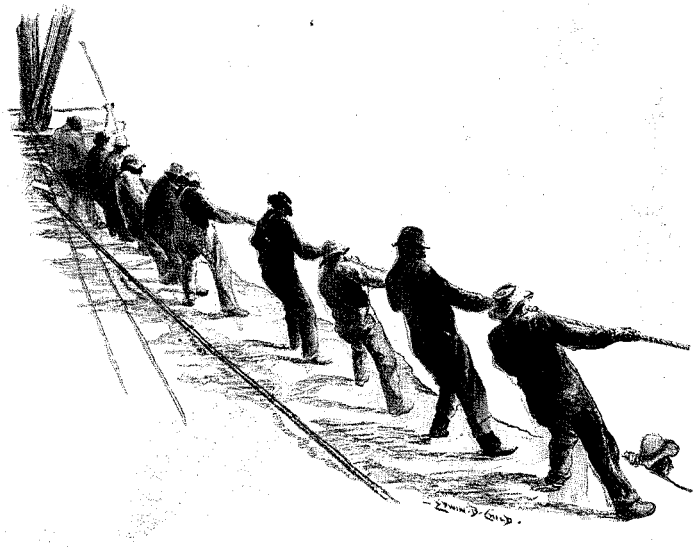
ing their way to and fro, channelling their vertical grooves to the appointed depth. Back to the drills that bore their horizontal holes ready for the splitting. And the splitting of a hundred-and-twenty-ton block of marble is worth watching.

The wedges, carefully greased, are inserted between their half-rounds in the drill holes, which for a horizontal split are neither close together nor very deep, as that is the natural plane of cleavage. Two men with sledges go down the line, giving each wedge a blow, not too hard. It seems at first a play at working, so deliberately is it done, with an unexplained wait between their turn and the pair following. After two or three rounds there is a longer wait while the foreman and one or two others examine carefully for a sign of a crack. Two more go down the line with steady swing, and in go the wedges a fraction of an inch farther. Now in places the crack begins to show, the rock has begun to lift. Then the foreman himself takes the sledge, and with beautiful precision places his blows, knowing just how much each wedge needs. For the crack must connect from hole to hole, through the entire twenty feet of the split. Carefully he examines the crack, and after a longer wait certain few wedges are chosen for an extra blow or two.

A bit too much haste, and the marble may split in a sharp diagonal, and what was to have been part of a cornice on a Fifth Avenue palace is ruined and goes to the dump. At last the crack is complete; and now a six-foot Milanese and a swarthy, stocky Yankee—for so the types sometimes run—smash the wedges in and the crack widens. Now the foreman marks certain wedges to be driven home, freeing the rest. For a bit the quiet deliberation has disappeared. With bulging eyes, out-thrust neck, open mouth, each gasping blow is given with all the power a man has, until soon the long block is clear and ready to be again split into smaller blocks. For the vertical splitting the holes are drilled much closer and deeper, but the split being comparatively short, it is soon done and a block is free. Now to get the derrick chain with its four-inch links around the block. A steel bar, weighing two, three, or even five hundred pounds, needing a whole gang of men to handle it, is thrust into the crack; a long plank is placed, one end on the ground, the other end on the free end of the pry. Up on this climb the men in a slanting row, and, hugging each other around neck and shoulder, dandle up and down, thereby prying up the marble. Wooden blocks are thrust into the widening crack, and again



Heaved rythmically at the end of a rope.—Page 521.

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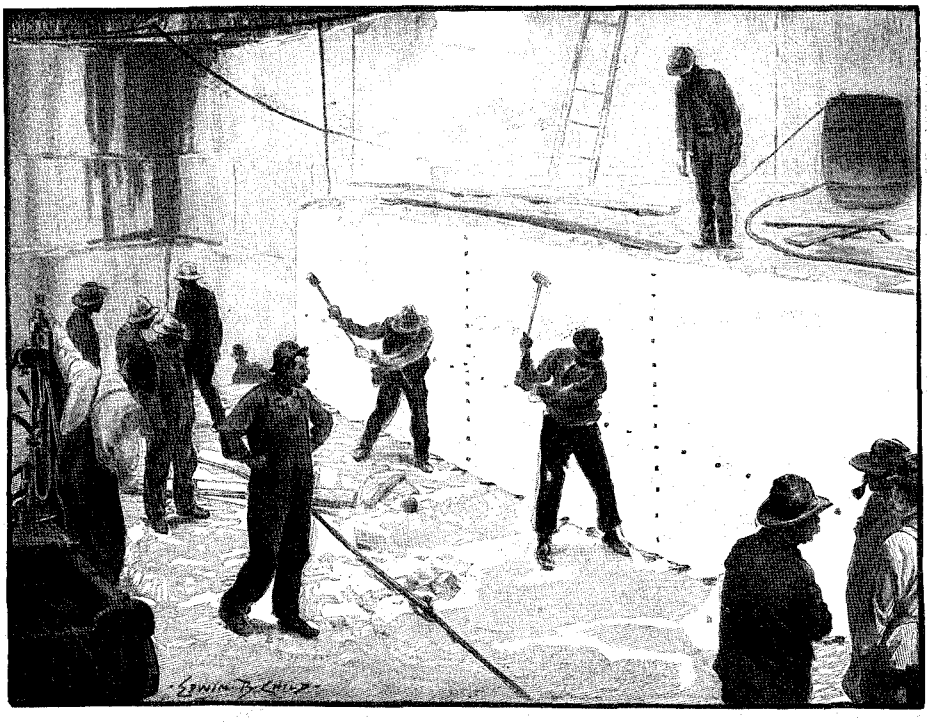

Two men with sledges go down the line, giving each wedge a blow.—Page 524.

and again the bar is raised, reset, and forced down by the tetering crew, until a four-inch iron ball can be rolled under the centre of the block. On this the marble mass can roll a bit to the side as the men mount the lever, and at last there is room for the big chain to be carried around the end of the block. The steam derrick does the rest, and soon the chain is adjusted around the centre. Every loose scale is knocked off and thrown down, for it is not pleasant to have loose bits drop off at the wrong moment.

"Where's she going?" asks the signalman. "Right on to the car; you can't better it," is the foreman's answer, and he looks with pride at the big cube. But as the chain tightens, he halts it, and signs to a group of men with busy cutters on a rock-table across the quarry. They shut off steam, and stop their machines' noisy row to hear his word, "Stand from under." The block weighs thirty tons, and is nearly up to the safety limit for this derrick. Up the block goes above the quarry, above the trees, above the line of mountain, and, shining white against the sky, begins to circle over the pit, where men peer up from safe corners, and over the rock table with its deserted machines. It clears the top of the high wall of refuse blocks bounding the side of the pit, and then, poising a moment, drops gently to a car behind, next the power-house. There it is loaded to start on its journey cityward, to be chiselled and shaped for the cornice, perhaps, of the New York City Library, or to look twenty-three stories down on busy Broadway from a sky-scraper. Its luck, however, may be to tumble off the flat car at a curve of the track, to the disgust of a farmer who objects to having a dozen or more hills of corn ruined, and objects more to the necessity of breaking up what is now only a useless boulder.

We were talking together by the edge of one of the deep pits, the overseer and I (he was not called by his first name in this quarry; that doesn't do from "Guineys" and "Polaks"), looking down to where a gang of laborers were adjusting a derrick chain around a big block, when he suddenly raised his hand in a simple but striking gesture that for the moment had no mean-

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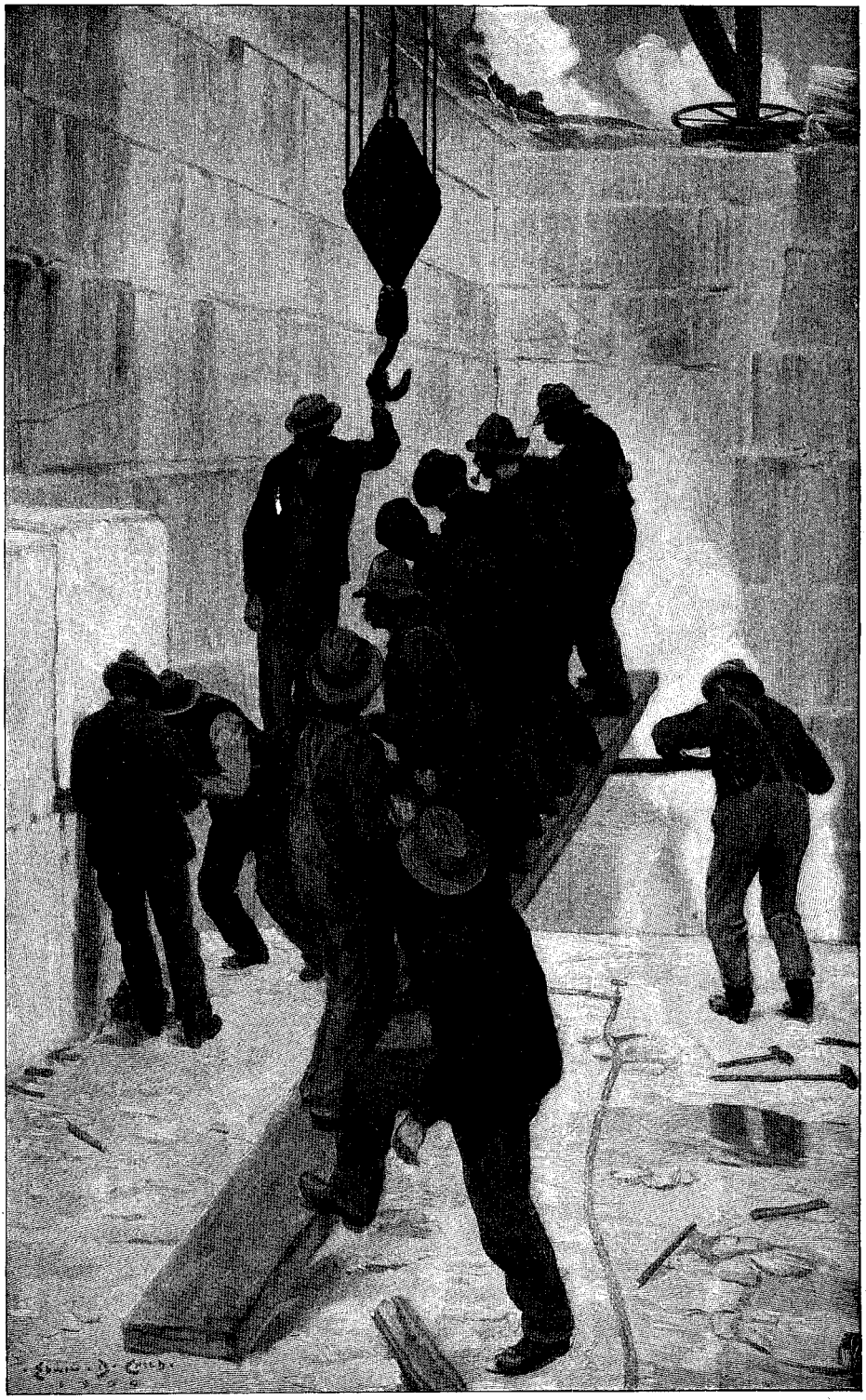

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

Up on this long plank climb the men in a slanting row.—Page 524.

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ing to me; but the hoisting-engine, out of sight behind a pile of blocks, stopped as if he had had his hand on the lever. The signal man was far on the other side of the quarry, looking down, the boy who repeated his signals to the engine-house was watching him, but somewhere an eye was on the overseer, and he had seen something unready that the men nearest had not discovered.

This way in which, amid the everlasting clatter and din of the cutters and drills, where a shout would be lost, the ponderous derricks with their huge chains are controlled, blocks are turned, raised, shifted, sixty feet or two inches, all by a slight motion or turn of the hand, is one of the most striking and impressive things in the quarries.

The marble genius is a clean and wholesome sort of spirit. He leaves no disfiguring trail. Squalor, desolation and devastation, dirt and disease, discomfort and hardship, such as follow in the wake of many enterprises of men, are barred by him. His finger-prints are white, and everywhere you find them. He draws a white line down each side of a village green—marble walks for the villagers. He gives white underpinning to the houses and barns. White posts form exclamation points at the ends of fences. Cows chew their cuds behind stone walls of white marble. The Mill Brook comes tumbling into the village over a rich arrangement of natural marble steps; bridges cross it supported on piers of marble. Occasionally marble buildings are seen—barns, workshops, and less often houses, mostly old timers. The natural beauty of the stone does not always seem to satisfy. I remember an old one-story marble house that is carefully whitewashed each year. But perhaps many of us try to paint the lily more often than we think.

Clean and wholesome are the lives and work of the men. I know of no disease that comes to the quarrymen from their work. I know no finer air to breathe than comes to them on these mountain slopes. Like Uncle Nate, they grow old and are "awful tough." And I have never seen men more jolly and evidently happy at their work each day to the moment when the night whistle blows and they start for home on foot, or in shackly rigs behind good mares, or on wheels, up the valley road, in a mad, clattery race to the post-office and their daily paper, the setting sun making dusty glories around their bent shoulders and their baggy, overalled, pedalling legs.

The abandoned quarries are prodigal in pictures in the key of white, wonderfully varied. Near the base of "Mother Merrick" is an impressive one. Sweeping walls and steps of marble, once white, but with rich stainings of time and weather, surround wide-circling pools of water, lying tranquil and inviting, like the bath of some prehistoric king of giants. This in the foreground. Across the valley, shining white behind clumps of trees in the pastures, are the dumps of other quarries. High above on the opposite mountain glowing white and lavender blobs of color show the outcropping of other veins, and over the tops of the mountains bits of cumuli push their nubby tops, repeating the varying notes of white in an aerial chord.

Some lie small and overgrown in deep woods, far from sign of road, some in the open upland, where the only paths are made by cows tracing their devious ways through the "pesky prairie weed." One is a dry, rambling excavation, gray and even blackish in color, another a deep plunging pit, brilliant and luminous, filled with water of a still vibrant dark blue, rarely ruffled by the wind, reflecting the varicolored walls like a Claude Loraine glass, while in places the moss has massed itself in a fixed waterfall down the sheer side of the opalescent marble.

Up the mountain, on the western face of Owl's Head, are two shallow tunnel quarries whose supporting piers are large, severe, and formal, like something Egyptian. Time and weather seem here to have bleached and whitened, for nowhere is a stain or spot. Walls, roof, and floor are the whitest white, and the pools of colorless water reflect the white as white again.

Still higher, on the southern turn of Green Peak, are more quarries—the "Blue Ledge," "Deef Joe," and "New Opening," the highest of all. "Deef Joe" is on the edge of a precipice—a vast, quiet, open pit, with a majestic entrance where on a cautious approach one may be greeted by the shrill whistle of a scared woodchuck or the angry scream of a red-tailed hawk. On a dead tree by the entrance I one day saw an eagle perched, while clouds were floating below

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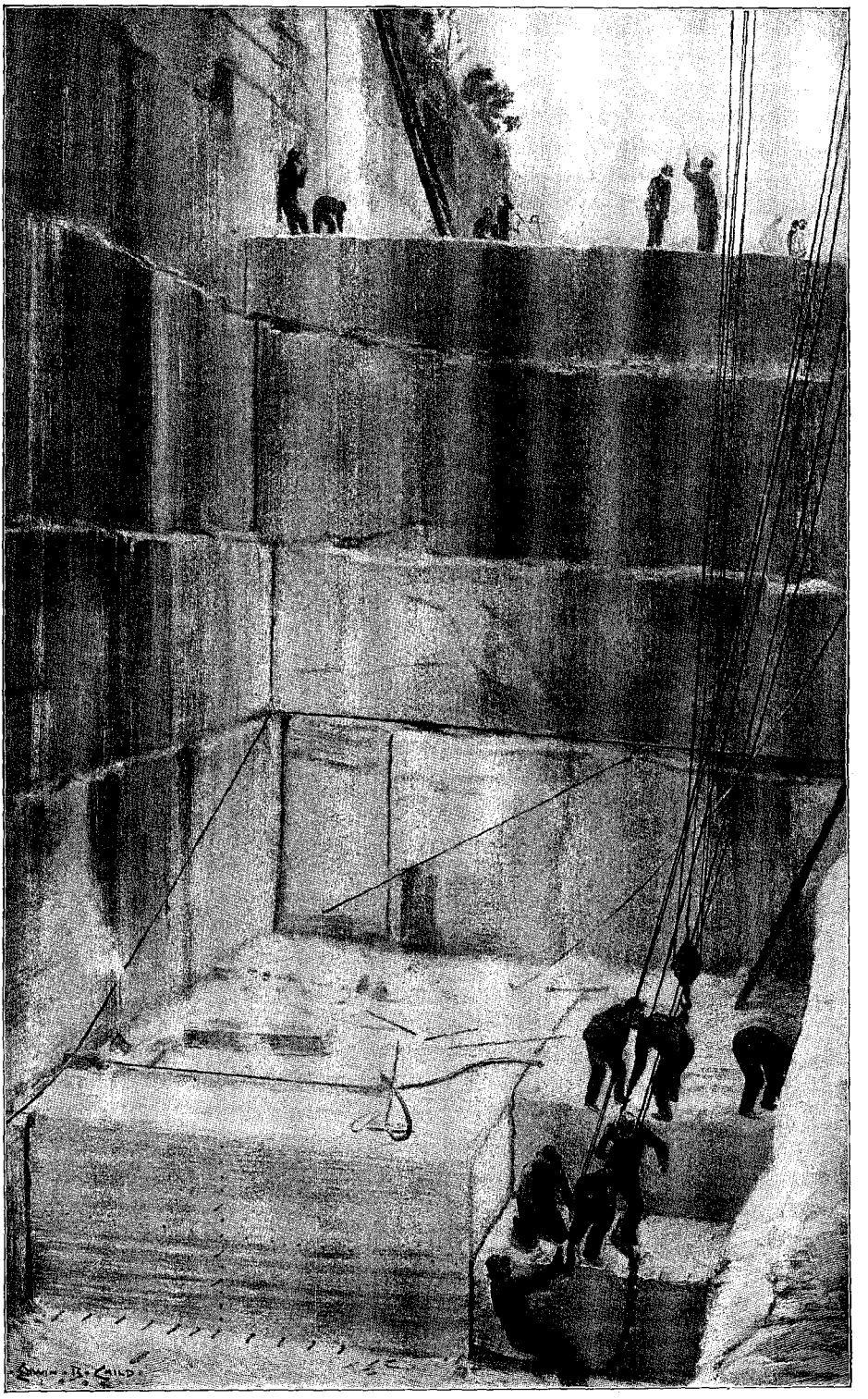

Drawn by Edwin B. Child.

A gang of laborers were adjusting a derrick chain around a big block.—Page 525.

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us, screening the valley. It was here that a young mountain farmer—the very type, in thin-lipped, honest-eyed face and quiet, lithe movement, and even in the old long-barreled muzzle-loader he carried, of the famous Green Mountain boys of early days—told me a strange tale, a tale of a kind of peril not to be imagined among these rock-ribbed mountains.

He was after trout one day last summer, "'way off up in on the maountain," and had fished down a stream a mile or so, when he came to a place where the brook skirted close to an old dump, the scattered blocks fringing one bank. He was moving quietly along over the blocks, with his eye on his line and on a deep pool, where the piled white stone made the water swirl and circle, when his foot slipped, and to catch his balance, he jumped free from the marble to a swampy looking place just behind—wet feet being better than a barked shin. When he landed he went deeper than he had expected, and when he tried to get out he could get no foothold. For a few moments he struggled with no thought of danger, until he realized that he was thigh-deep and helpless. Then it became evident enough what had happened and where he was. The old quarry pit had been filled up by the overflow of the brook, which for years had carried in leaves and sand and dirt, forming a soft, oozy substance, partly overgrown by grass and sedges—looking as harmless as any of the frequent swampy, springy spots that abound on these mountains, but as treacherous as any storied quicksand. He did not know how deep the hole under him might be; it did not seem to matter much. Six feet would settle things as effectually as sixty, and meanwhile he was going steadily deeper. No house nor man was within miles, perhaps no one within sound of gun had he had one. Besides time was getting short.

He began to prod about him with the butt of his fishing-rod, which he still had in his hand, to see if anything solid were near. In a few moments he struck something hard, and pushing the mud and leaves away a bit, he found it was the end of an old plank, but far out of reach, and he more than waist-deep. He reversed his rod, managed to give his line a turn around the end of the plank, and then began gently, cautiously, to pull. Would it budge? Would this soft, deadly ooze be soft enough to let the plank move? He was pulling every ounce he dared, and it yielded. It came an inch, and if the line held——! An old nail or the edge of the plank might cut it, and he was up to his armpits now. Slowly he gained on it. Gently he nursed it along. A bit freer it moved at last, when it came out of its mud bed, and finally it was within reach of his hand. But his shoulders were almost under, and the real battle was yet to come. For more than a half-hour he struggled, and bit by bit he fought his way out of the slimy clutch of the smiling green hole. He said he did not remember the last of it clearly. He remembered tumbling on the firm earth, but he did not know how long he lay there unconscious. He judged by the sun it must have been an hour. Then he crawled to the brook, got in to let the mud wash off, and after a half-hour in the sun to dry, started home. "No, I didn't say nothin' 'bout it to home; I didn't want mother'n the girls to worry."

On a rock at the top of the clifflike entrance to "Deef Joe," close under the dead birch-tree, where I like to think my eagle perches when I am away, I can look over a vast sweep of mountain region, clothed in wonderful varied verdure from the first tingeing of early spring, through the long weeks of green summer, and I reflect how slight a scratching of this verdant coat brings us to the underlying white.

Ed Hooker's blacksmith started the thought one day when I asked him how far a vein of marble ran. "Clean acrost the valley," he said. "There ain't no end to it. These maountains is all marble." And so it seems. This dotting of white villages, the outcropping white ledges in pastures and woods, the splotches of white where man has uncovered the crystalline stone, the fields bounded often by marble stone walls, make one think that the green coating is only a veneer, that the real mountains are as if the glaciers that covered the region thousands of years ago had in some way stayed, warmed and enduring—a white fairyland, cloaked shyly from the undiscerning by its shifting yearly coat, waiting for some poet to people it and give a new story to the children of the world, a story of the Marble Mountains.

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TO A MOUNTAIN LAKE

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi

O LAKE within thy clasping hills,
E'en so a woman shadows forth her love!
Fond to reflect each ecstasy that fills
The hours of gold; or bows that arch above
The waning tempest to the calm that stills.

Oft hast thou trembled, swift o'erswept
By gusts of passion blowing over thee;
Into thy heart regretful rains have wept;
Thy leaden grayness or thy fantasy
The sky-born impress of thy lover kept!

And most I love thee, when at rest,
All through the starry vigils of the night
Thou bearest the young moon upon thy breast,
Cradled in broken ripples of delight.

DORY-MATES

By James B. Connolly

MARTIN CARR'S dory-mate having just stepped on deck, the fo'c's'le gang began to question Martin about him. In the fast run-off to the grounds, with everybody trying to catch up on sleep, there had been small time to get acquainted; but the general opinion seemed to be that 'twas rather a delicate-looking lad.

"That's what," summed up an unquestionably able-looking fisherman who was overhauling a tub of trawls. "He *don't* look hardly rugged enough to go winter trawlin'. D'y' think he do, yourself, Martin?"

'Twas put in all good-nature, as Martin himself well knew, but it was not in Martin to allow even moderate criticism of a friend pass without retort, and so his "I never knew before 'twas looks made a man" went flying back to the lee lockers.

The man on the lockers smoothed out a snarled ganging ere he came back with "Now, now, Martin, we all know 'tisn't looks alone, but leave it to yourself—don't looks go a great ways toward your judgment of a man? Afore ever you *know* what a man is don't the cut of his mouth or the set of his jaw and the way he looks out of his eyes at you have a lot to do with how far you'd trust him? Don't it?"

"Sure, it does," replied Martin. "But d'y' mean to say this lad hasn't good eyes and mouth and jaw?"

"Now, Martin"—and a broken, rusted hook was snipped off and replaced with a new shiny one—"now, Martin, nobody knows better than you what *I* think—you that c'n read a man's mind most. The lad's got as fine a face in a way as ever I looked at. Man, 'tis a beautiful face. But that's the bother of it—'tis beauty, not strength in it. And comin' down to facts, you know, yourself, it's no joke to be out in a dory with a man that can't hold his end up. 'Tis thought of you we have, Martin. Did ever he haul a trawl or try to row a loaded dory ag'in a full tide out here?"

For answer Martin continued calmly to blow his puffs of smoke toward the deck-beams.

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"That means he never did, and I'm afraid, Martin, when it comes to it, that maybe he won't be able to."

"Well, maybe he won't," echoed Martin placidly; "but whether he does or no 'tisn't Martin Carr will be the first to tell him he's fallin' short."

"But where did you pick him up, anyway, Martin?"

"I didn't have to pick him up. His father was a dory-mate of mine—nigh thirty year ago—as far back as the old *Aleutian*——"

"The same *Aleutian* that was lost with all hands afterward, Martin?"

"The same. But this was some years before she was lost. This was when Jack Teevens, this boy's father, was lost. And how? Tryin' to save me. Lord in heaven, what a man he was! And yet he had to go—and at his age!"

"He couldn't 've been such a young fellow, Martin?"

"Let me see. Nineteen year ago that was. Nineteen from forty-eight—twenty-nine year he'd be that time. We were the one age."

"Lord, Martin, 'tain't possible you're forty-eight year old?"

"That's what—forty-eight."

"Well, you don't look it. Do you feel it?"

"Feel what? Forty-eight? Man alive, what's forty-eight to a man that's never seen a sick day in his life?"

"But you've taken great care o' yourself, Martin."

"Well, maybe. A little regular smokin' and a drink once in a while ashore, or maybe sitting up a night or two by way of being sociable after weeks on end of this work out here."

"Could you stand to a mark and jump your ten foot six inches, toe to heel, like I see you do one time, Martin?"

"No, I couldn't. My joints aren't that soople. But if I couldn't go without sleep as long, or stay to my neck in the water as long, or go without grub even longer——"

"That you could, Martin. 'Tis me ought to know that—me that was three days and three nights astray with you on Quero. An' when it comes to buckin' agen wind and tide with a dory loaded to the gunnels——"

"Hi—i—below there!" This from the deck. "Out dories!"

With a sigh Martin set down his pipe and prepared to get into cardigan jacket, boots, and oilskins. "I must say I hates to leave my little pipeful"—and to his youthful dory-mate, dropping down from deck—"Isn't it so with you, too, Eddie-boy?"

"I could smoke all the time I'm awake, Martin."

"Like your father afore you, boy. You're cert'nly like your father other ways, too. But you're not tough like him. Sad kind of, too, like he was at times, 's if he could see things ahead. O Lord, but I did love your father, boy! And you cert'nly look like him. But, come along now. Your first trip at this work, and we must have things right."

Martin's dory, the first over the side, was dropped up to windward. To the skipper's last word, "Set to the east'ard, Martin. It don't look none too good, but I'll be back to you after I've run the string out," Martin waved a free arm and nodded a cheerful acquiescence.

The vessel left them astern. Martin began to heave the trawls and Eddie to row. There was a disquieting pitch and toss to the sea. Anybody but a trawler would have called it bad weather for a sixteen-foot dory to be out in. It was a much heavier sea than any Eddie had ever before tried to row a boat in, and he soon said so.

"Yes," answered Martin, "I s'pose it do seem hard at first—a banker's dory in a chop—but after three or four days you won't mind it. 'Tis the cross-tide that puts that little kick to it and slats her around so. And yet the safest small boat afloat is a dory—when it's handled right. Here we are now, away out here in this little dory."

"And just where are we, Martin?"

"Let me see now." Martin was a dextrous trawler, who never had to slack his work because of any little conversational strain. He kept the air full of hooks and line even while he figured it all out. "We were forty-four fifty-six north and fifty-one ten west at noon, the skipper said. We sailed for an hour after that—east half no'the. That ought to put us about a hundred and fifty mile from the nearest point o' land. Newf'undland that'll be. But how's the rowin'? A bit heavy, isn't it? Tide and sea together's a hard thing to buck out here, boy. You'd be surprised how they carry you out the way at times. That's the

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divil when the fog or the snow comes and you drift. Or maybe the vessel isn't anchored—flying sets maybe same as now—and away *she* goes. And now, Eddie-lad, try and see how you make out shootin' a trawl, and let me tend to the rowin'. Careful now comin' for'ard—you're not in a bathin'-suit in Gloucester Harbor with smooth water and no more than a hundred yards' swim if you capsize the boat. That's it—keep 'em whirlin'. My, but you're doin' fine—'tis born in people, the fishin' ways. If you were only a bit more rugged now, there wouldn't be your better on the whole Grand Banks. But this life'll soon put the strength in you, Eddie-boy."

"If it don't kill me first," laughed the young fellow.

"Kill you? What talk is that? Kill you? Why, the way you'll eat—not three, but four, and maybe five meals a day. And mug-ups? Every time you think of it, a mug-up—and when you forget always plenty to put you in mind of it by their example. And *sleep*——"

"When there's any time to sleep."

"Time? Wait till it comes too rough to go out in the dory."

"Too rough?" The boy looked over the gunnel and grimaced.

"Oh, it comes plenty rough at times—have a care or one of those little seas'll wet you through."

"H-m—I'm wet through already."

"Oh, no, not real wet through. When you get real wet out here—but, never mind, wet or dry, we'll be alike anyway and company for each other, however it goes. Your father now, he was great company in a dory. Tell stories! And sing! What's it he used to sing now on the old *Aleutian* when we were hardly more than boys together? Oh, but your father had the voice, boy! And to hear him roll out—

"Let it come from the east
Let it come from the west—

That's when it would be breezin' up. Dory-mates were we, the same as you and me be now, lad. And he *was* a dory-mate. I had to fight almost to keep him from doin' half my work as well as all his own, at times. I mind how he used to speak of you when we'd get a breath between haulin' or maybe walkin' the deck of a night-watch together. 'Martin, but if you could see how he's growin',' he'd say. 'Every trip in he looks a head taller. And the grip of him, Martin, when he winds his five little fingers around my one finger! And the beauty of him—the spit of his mother, Martin,' he'd say. 'And if you could see him of a mornin' climb up on the bed and grab the mustache of me and twist it. Only two year old, Martin, and talk—man, he c'n talk better than I can—the long words of him, Martin! And I do hope he'll never have to go fishin'!' He said that last many a time. 'I do hope he'll never have to go fishin' for a livin'! But if he do have to go, I'd lie easy in my grave—wherever my grave may be, Martin—if he was to have a dory-mate like you.' And to think now we're dory-mates—Jack Teevens's boy and Jack Teevens's old dory-mate. And he had to be lost, your father. Some things are hard to take, believe in a Divine Providence much as we like. And then your mother had to die, too."

"Yes, Martin. And I often wondered if she were not glad to go. What did she have to live for? And I think of it, what have I got to live for? If it comes to that, what have you, Martin—no wife, no family—what have you to live for?"

"What have I? Lad, it grieves me to hear you talk that way. What haven't I to live for? I've hundreds of things to live and be thankful for. There's my friends. There's the little ones I've seen—not my own—my own were taken away, please God, and their mother—but my friends' children that I've seen in the bornin' almost and now growin' up around me. And out here, never do I step aboard the vessel after a long day's haulin' and draggin' that I'm not glad to see the fresh faces lookin' at me over the rail—if it's no more than the skipper hangin' to the wheel or the cook standin' by the painter. And at home, boy! Never a time we breast Cape Sable goin' home that I don't begin to feel cheerful, no matter how hard and rough and maybe profitless a trip we've had. And when we raise Eastern Point! and goin' into the harbor of Gloucester! Lad, lad, but my eyes run water most to think of the people I'm soon to see—to talk and shake hands with, maybe sit up a night or two with before I go out again. Lord, boy, if there warn't a man or woman in the whole wide world to hail good-morning to you—if it was no more than to look at happy people's faces when

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you're ashore—or out to sea again, if it's no more than to look at the sky and the fine tumbling ocean! Even the sea in a blow, boy, is something to soothe a troubled man's soul."

"To soothe? Lord, Martin, is it soothing now? Look at it. How we're staying gunnels up is more than I know."

"Gunnels up? What, now? Why, Eddie, when you've seen it as I've seen it! But *'tis* growin' a bit more rough—isn't it? Have a care for some of those seas. That oar in the becket astern, have an eye to that, and when you notice a bad sea coming, just give the oar a little flirt—so—and put her head or stern to it, whichever's handiest. It'll save a capsizin' some day maybe. And now 'tis time to begin hauling. The signal's been to the peak some time now, but I like to give 'em a good set myself. I c'n make up the time on the haulin'. But we'll begin now, and do you coil, boy. Here we go, four tubs of line—a mile and a half of a trawl to haul. 'Tis the rare appetite it'll give us, and when——"

"Isn't the vessel rather far away, Martin?"

"Let me see. Where is she now? Oh, yes. She is a bit away, but it must be the lee dories have gone adrift. Let's see who's in the lee dory. That'll be—let me see now—Jethro and Eben. Eben's a good man, but Jethro's not much of a man in a dory—big enough, but not much use."

"And I guess he's not the only useless man out here to-day."

"Hush, boy, hush. What kind of talk is that?"

"It's true. Don't I know that I could no more haul trawls in this sea than—— Why? A mile and a half of trawl to be hauled, and don't I know that as your dory-mate I ought to haul half of it? And will I? Could I, even if you'd allow me, Martin? Oh, yes—about as well as I could winch in the vessel's anchor alone. Don't I know what it means—a man that can't do his share out here? It means that one of the crew is eating his share of grub and by and by will get his share of the stock, and yet who is no more use in a dory than the painter when the dory's aboard, and no more use aboard the vessel itself than the spare anchor with the vessel in harbor. Don't I know, Martin?"

"Eddie, listen to me. You talk again like that and sure's my name's Martin Carr I'll take the privilege of your father's friend and bat the jaw of you. I will, boy, much as I like you. And let me tell you, 'tis dory agen dory out here, and our dory'll bring her share of fish aboard this night."

"This night? Will we get aboard this night, do you think, Martin?"

Martin looked about him—looked long about him, but said only, "Is there a drop of water left in the bottle, Eddie?"

"About half a mugful."

"Half a mugful? Well, keep that by you, and by 'n' by you'll have it to drink—not now."

"I'll save it for you, Martin."

"That's your father's own boy, Eddie, but never mind me. What's a mouthful of water to me that's been without it seven days on end. It's nothing—nothing at all. Keep it for yourself and by 'n' by drink it. It may mean a lot to you, for I know that already you're wringin' with the sweat. And you're tired, too, aren't you, lad?"

"A little, Martin."

"Oh, but it's the cruel work for you, boy. But what are you at now?"

"I was going to have a smoke."

"Well, I wish you wouldn't yet awhile, Eddie."

"And why, Martin?"

"I'll tell you later."

"Tell me now—what's wrong, Martin?"

"Well, we're astray, lad—astray. Did you never hear what 'tis to be astray on the Banks? And now night's most on us and 'tis small use rowin'. The dories, last time I looked, were all points of the compass and the vessel standin' after them—a strong tide and their lines parted, no doubt. I haven't seen her for an hour or more now. We'll be the last to be picked up, anyway. She'll get to us by morning, no doubt."

"If she ever does get to us, Martin."

"And why won't she get to us? You're not like your father there, boy. 'Twarn't in your father ever to give up, boy. With him the blacker it came the brighter he'd get. You're more like your mother's people in that, Eddie."

"I think I must be, Martin—everybody says so, anyway."

Throughout the long cold night they drifted. Eddie, shivering in the stern, broke a long silence: "It must be near morning now, Martin?"

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"Gettin' to it, boy, gettin' to it."

"And the water smoother, don't you think, Martin?"

"A lot smoother, Eddie-boy," and under his breath, "I only wish it hadn't moderated for a while longer."

"And the air not quite so cold, Martin?"

"Not quite, Eddie-boy," and again under his breath, "And that's not for the best, either, just now." He looked out ahead—out and up. It was quite a little while before Eddie noticed what Martin had foreseen—the white flakes fluttering down. Only when they began to settle on the back of his woollen mitts did the young fellow take note of them—resting there for a moment and then melting under the warmth of his hand. He regarded the first flake curiously. That he could see it at all was proof that morning was at hand, and he felt glad. What it might mean to them did not then dawn on him. When his brain awoke to the warning it brought he did not obey his first impulse—to shout out his discovery. Instead he waited and thought it all out, and as he waited and pondered the flakes fell faster.

When he had thought it all out he looked toward Martin, who was leaning over the bow. Thinking he might be asleep—he felt drowsy enough himself—Eddie feared to waken him at first. But he finally ventured to call, "Martin!"

"Aye, boy." Martin turned with eyes that clearly had not lately been closed, eyes that regarded him tenderly.

"Will it last? Don't be afraid to tell me, Martin—I think I know what it means now."

"And you're not afraid?"

"Afraid? Why, no. 'Twas the work—the hardship I dreaded—not the danger of being lost. None of my people were ever afraid to die. And yet, I'm afraid of the sea, Martin. That must have come from my mother. She was always afraid of it—on account of my father being on it so much, I suppose. I hate to think of being drowned and being found floating in it, or even lying on the bottom of it. There's a good many lying on the bottom hereabouts, aren't there, Martin?"

"The sands hereaway, Eddie, are covered with the bones of lost fishermen."

"Well, that's what I dread. If I could only die ashore, or be buried ashore—a Christian burial with a little prayer, and then the dry earth over you. Don't *you* fear being buried in the sea, Martin?"

"Fear it? Not me, boy. Sea or shore, it's all one to Martin Carr, though maybe I do like the sea a bit the more."

"Ugh—I don't. And promise me, Martin—promise me, if it rests with you, that you'll bury me ashore."

"Hush, boy, hush. It's not right now to be thinkin' such things."

Again Martin looked out from the bow and the young fellow huddled in the stern. He could not stand the long silences. "What are you thinkin' of, Martin?"

"I'm thinkin', boy, that it's small use waitin' around here for the vessel. It's as thick o' snow as I've seen it in a good many winters and no sign of it slacking. We've got to be doin' something, and we might's well be rowin'. But first, where's your tobacco? Well, throw that over—see now, there goes mine. That's so that by 'n' by you won't be tempted to smoke. Smokin' makes you thirsty, and to be thirsty and no water—I mean real thirsty, after two or three days maybe without a drink and you rowin' hard all the time and the juice sweated out of you—it's an awful feeling, lad. I know, I know, there *is* the snow. But snow where it touches here isn't quite what you think it. Not a square inch where the snow strikes here that isn't crusted with salt, and you know what comes of drinkin' saltish water. We may be out for days, so let's get ready. Let me see now—it oughter be twelve o'clock by this. Yesterday at twelve I mind the tide set to the west'ard. We'll row across it—so. But first we'll pitch out the fish. It's a shame, isn't it, to have to heave the fine fat fish back after you've gone to the trouble of baiting up four tubs of trawls—to have to haul a mile and a half of trawls and then have to heave them overboard again after they're coiled nice in the buckets and the fish to your gunnels after them. Two thousand pounds of good fish there, Eddie. It's a shame, but over with 'em. And don't try to save one to eat. It's no use—raw fish. I tried it once, and my stomach was upset by it, And my stomach's not easy upset. You'd throw it up, Eddie, and that would weaken you for the rowing. And we're in for a row now. You've rowed a dory around in a harbor, boy, in your day, but now for a real row."

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"How far, Martin?"

"To Newf'undland coast, maybe—a hundred and fifty miles—if we're not picked up."

"Oh——"

"'Tis discouraging to think of, but don't let yourself think too much about it. After twenty-four or forty-eight hours you won't be thinkin' so much about it. 'Twill be more mechanical-like then with you—brain kind of hazy-like from lookin' at nothing but the level sea over the gunnel and your arms never stopping. Do you sit on the for'ard thwart, but take it easy—'tis a long drag, boy—a hundred and fifty mile to Newf'undland."

And so they set out. 'Twas a long, easy, regular stroke that Martin dropped into. Just such a stroke as a man might adopt who looked for a moderately long drag to his vessel—ten or fifteen miles say.

But this was a hundred and fifty miles. Yes, and more, with allowances to be made for the set of wind and tide and the natural perversity of the dory itself. Whoever has rowed a dory knows that nothing will swerve more easily off its course—that is, if you don't know how. Martin Carr knew how, but the young fellow with him did not; and it was Martin Carr's business to make such allowances as would offset the uneven rowing of the lad.

They rowed on. To the boy the silences were appalling. For an hour at a time nothing would be said. Martin, with the instinct of an old trawler, was husbanding every ounce of energy; the boy was numb, overwhelmed. A hundred and fifty miles! The thought of it! He did not shrink from the thought of death, but a hundred and fifty miles of this work! He began to figure it out. Say they drove the dory ten feet a stroke. That was more than five hundred strokes to a mile—one hundred and fifty times five hundred—how much? How slow he was to figure now—but yes, that was 75,000 strokes. Good Lord—one, two, three—why it would take twenty-four hours just to count 75,000 without rowing at all. But to row—to reach out with the arms and haul those two heavy blades through a heavy sea—one—two—three—and every other stroke ineffective, certainly for him, if not for the strong-backed Martin Carr, because of the unevenness of the sea. Why, it would take a week, night and day.

He began to figure it up another way. Suppose they made two miles an hour. That was forty-eight miles a day—three days in all. But allowing for cross-tides and cross-winds, the constant heading of the dory straight again—say four days. Four days! And nothing to eat and nothing to drink during those four days of work and toil. And that meant that they must never vary from their course. Naturally they would vary. Say six days and six nights. But no man can row night and day for six days and nights without food and drink—not even Martin, wonderful man that he was, could do it. Say they rested one-third of the time—eight hours a day. Ashore men, who did practically nothing, slept eight hours a day. That surely would not be too much rest after rowing a heavy dory in a heavy sea.

Already, though he had been rowing hardly more than two hours, he was tired, with wrists hot and heavy, and his forearms cramping. And Martin himself must feel it after a day or two. Much as he had heard of these iron men, these deep-sea trawlers, they could not last it out forever. And God! suppose they were heading out across the Atlantic—and could even Martin say they were not, with no sun or stars to guide him? Would it be slow starvation? And why was it, now he thought of it, he wasn't famished? Twenty-eight hours already without food! Ah, was that why Martin buckled his own belt about his stomach—buckled it tight and made him drink the last of the water? Surely, if nothing else came, that would come—the slow starvation.

Or would it be just madness? How unreal it all was! One—two—three—four—the chafing of the oars came to him as if from some other dory in the distance. So certain was he that the noise was not made by himself and Martin that he stopped and listened.

"What's it, lad?"

"Isn't there another dory somewhere near, Martin?"

"Maybe—there's no tellin', it's so thick," answered Martin aloud, but to himself, "Already," and shook his head sorrowfully.

The lad, after a moment or two of listening, came to see how he had misled himself.

He resumed his examination of Martin's back—the regular bend and heave he noticed. He could not see the face, but he

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knew the calm set of eyes and jaw. What a man! But even Martin would have to go, too, and when they would be found, even Martin, the iron man, would be stiff and cold also, as others had been found before him. But so few were found! And why weren't they found! Capsized and drowned. That was it—or was it that they went crazy and jumped overboard? He pictured that —the sudden dropping of the everlasting oars, the last wild cry, the dive over the gunnel. He wondered would it be that way with himself.

He looked about, his first long look, and noted the sea. He certainly never had imagined the sea as it was now—not nearly so rough as on the day before—almost smooth, in fact, as if beaten down with the weight of snow which lay upon it like—like what? He had seen that often, of course—the new fallen snow on land. But nothing like this —the cold gray waste hidden until all was white. What was it like now, that white covering? Oh, yes—why had he not thought of it before?—like the white sheet they sometimes drew over dead people.

"Martin!" he called out then.

"Aye?"

"Isn't it awful?"

"'Tis—in a way. 'Tis solemn, boy. Here we are hid away—a vessel could be fifty feet away and we not see her. She could be twenty feet away and she not see us—we're that white. But there's a consolation—the thicker it comes the sooner it'll stop."

"Then this should stop soon."

It did stop finally; after what Martin judged to be ten or twelve hours. It melted from the sea, then thinned above, and the sky shone through. Not a broad sweep at first, but patches here and there. It was later before the clear dome and the familiar stars shone out.

"There's the Great Dipper, boy—see it? It must be three o'clock in the morning by the placing of it."

"Three in the morning—and we rowing since three o'clock yesterday afternoon!"

"Aye, boy. And there's the North Star and those other little stars I don't know the names of. We'll keep the North Star one good point off the starb'd bow, boy, and on that course till morning, and then we'll go by the sun."

The morning came and the boy noted that six inches of snow covered the inside of the dory everywhere—gunnels, strakes, and thwarts—except where they had been sitting, and the bottom of the dory except where their champing boots and the heat from within them had beaten it into a slush; and that the snow was dazzling white under the morning sun. But above all he felt the cold.

"The wind must have shifted, Martin, it's so much colder."

"Aye, boy. 'Tis no'west now."

"A cold wind—the coldest of all, isn't it, Martin?"

"Aye, boy, but one great comfort with it —'tis mostly a clear wind, a no'wester. Should any vessel be about now they'll soon see us. But rest a while, boy. Go aft and lie in the stern—you'll be trimmin' ship better there—every little tells in a long haul —or stamp up and down and slap your arms, or take the bailer and shovel out the snow."

Having cleared the dory of snow, the boy strove vainly to overcome his inclination to lie down. But he did lie down at last. His legs were so numb that he hadn't the strength to go aft, he said, and so Martin took him in his arms and set him in the stern. "And don't rest too long there, boy. There's such a thing as freezing to death in a no'wester. A cold wind, lad, is a no'wester."

The boy lay there till Martin bade him rise and stamp about. But he could not keep up the stamping for long. "I'm so tired, Martin, and hungry—oh, so hungry!" He sucked at a bit of snow-crust.

"Aye, boy. One older and tougher than you might say it. And don't eat too much of that stuff, and try, boy—try a while again to keep moving your arms and legs."

He tried, but could not. So Martin bade him lie down again And the boy lay down and began to drowse, at which Martin shook his head. But what could he do? He had to keep rowing himself. Oh, yes—he took off his own cardigan jacket and forced the boy into it. The boy, only half awake, protested—a feeble protest—as Martin, with a soft "Hush, lad, hush—weren't me and your father dory-mates for many the long year together?" buttoned it about him.

"My, Martin, but that's warming!"

"Aye, boy, that it is. Many a cold winter's day it's helped to warm me."

To remove his cardigan jacket, which was under his oil-coat, Martin had to expose

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himself to the biting no'wester, and so cold and searching was it that he took many minutes to button his oil-jacket again. To overcome the numbness—"Or soon I wouldn't be able to hold an oar at all," he muttered—he beat his hands against the gunnels, noticing the while that he not only knocked off the last little films of frozen snow-crust, but also, though this rather curiously than sympathetically, that the ends of his fingers bled under the impact of the blows. "Man, but 'tis cold, when it comes to that!" and bent over the boy to fix the jacket more securely around his neck. "Forty-eight hours now without food or drink—'tis hard on you, lad—hard on you."

Back to his rowing, and no cessation till he heard the lad muttering in his sleep. "What's it now?" said Martin, and bent toward him.

"——But to be floating around in the water or lying somewhere on bottom for the fish to eat up——" murmured the sleeping boy.

"Lad, lad, but you're right—'tis hard."

"——If it was no more than a Christian burial——"

"Christian burial, lad? Make your mind easy, but if I live and you die 'tis Christian burial you'll get, boy. But 'tis both of us together'll go, I'm thinkin' now." He shook the lad. "Wake—wake now, Eddie-boy—wake, boy, wake and try and row again a bit. 'Tis cruel I am—aye, the hard heart of me—aye, boy. But now you must row, and maybe you'll warm up a while yet. Lay there, and in two hours more 'tis stiff as the oar itself you'll be."

And so the boy crept to his seat and resumed rowing, though his oars no more than slid over the surface of the sea. The lad thought he was helping—he saw the oars pass from forward to aft and back again—but it was only the dory slipping away under the ceaseless drive of Martin's irresistible strength.

Throughout all that cold winter's day they rowed. And night came, and once more the boy sought the stern and lay there, and as he lay Martin took off his oil-jacket and buttoned it about the lad's body. "There now, a cardigan jacket and two oil-skins. You ought to keep warm now. And now, Martin Carr"—he was back to his seat again—"'tis harder than ever you'll have to row or yourself freeze to an icicle."

All through that long night Martin called to the lad. Until well into the night, as he considered it, he could catch the responses. But gradually Eddie's voice became duller and toward morning Martin got no answer at all. "Asleep, the poor boy!" muttered Martin, and himself by then not too wide awake.

The stars dulled away, the dawn broke gray, and then the first long rays of the winter sun glinted the white of the crested seas. The weary man in the waist of the dory roused himself. He found himself still rowing, but that his mind had slept he felt certain. He looked about him—astern, ahead, to either side. No sail—nor smoke. He took note of the dory. Iced to a depth of six inches it was, and with every fresh slap of the sea more ice was adding. "A mile away now and we'd look like a lump of ice to any passing vessel," he thought aloud.

The no'wester whistled over the ridged seas. A no'west wind and white-tipped seas that broke over them—could man invent anything more freezing? And all night long it had been so.

"Eddie," called Martin, "Eddie-boy!" Again, "Oh, Eddie-lad—Eddie-boy, shake yourself now, dear." But no answer coming from the boy, Martin more closely regarded the figure in the stern. The rising rays of the sun were tinting the stiffened yellow oil-skins, but the low-drawn sou'wester allowed Martin no glimpse of the features. The hands were encased in the heavy woollen mitts, which Martin now noted were coated with ice. Still, ice was no great matter. How he wished his own oil-skins—what was left of them—were iced up, too. Ice kept out the biting wind.

Gradually it came into his brain, even though the yet insufficient light revealed nothing of the boy's face, that all was not quite natural. Once more a call, but no answer, not even the old familiar shifting of the legs. "Is it asleep you are, boy, and have you been asleep all night? Lad, lad, but if you've been asleep——" and bent over and lifted the sou'wester.

The face was calm—calm as a waxen mask in a window. But the eyes—wide open! Quickly he drew off the boy's mitts and felt of the hands within. The ice on the gunnels of the dory was not colder. Martin's brain did not grasp it, what with his body being so numb, but his heart crowded itself inside him.

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He dropped back to his seat and resumed the oars. But only for a few strokes. He stood up and with the bailer began to pound the ice off the dory. "She'll sink else," he said—"she'll sink else, lad, and we'll never get you ashore." He broke the bailer trying to pound the ice off. He took the handle of an oar then—one of Eddie's oars he noted dully, one of the oars which he had lightened by cutting down, to fit the boy's feebler arms.

The ice cleared away, he went back to his rowing. But again only a few strokes, when it seemed to sweep over him what it meant—the frozen body of the poor boy—Jack Teevens's boy. He rubbed an iced mitt across his eyes. "God, what a death for you, child! What a death! And such a beautiful boy! If 'twas a tough old knotted trawler like me—— And me that was to watch out for him! Yet to watch I meant, lad, but 'twas a long night—and a cold. And not overwarm myself was I, and I'm misdoubting, too, I slept to the oars. O God, 'tis cruel—cruel!" and dropped his head on his hands.

He tried to think it out; but he had such horrible thoughts that he knew that that course would never do. He lifted his body from his seat and tried to stand up. He could not the first time, or the second, but the third he held his feet. The dory was again sagging under the weight of ice. From stem to stern, gunnels, thwarts, planks inside and out, were nearly a foot thick with it. The painter coiled in the bow was big around as a barrel. Across the body of the dead boy it was beginning to pack solid. Martin gouged the gob-stick from out of the frozen bottom and began to break the ice off. He could hardly hold it with one hand and so put both to it.

A good part of the ice knocked loose and thrown over, he reapplied himself to the oars. It was plain enough to him now. "However else it comes, 'tis for you, Martin Carr, to stand to your rowing—to stand to it till you can push your arms out no more from your shoulders, till your fingers will cling no longer to the handles, till—till you're cold and stiff, no less, Martin Carr, than the poor boy there before you. If that comes, well and good, you've done your best. 'Tis to shore you must reach, or be picked up, or die to your oars. And mind it always, Martin Carr—Christian burial for Jack Teevens's boy."

So he rowed on. All that day and all that long night he rowed—all through a snowstorm that enveloped him like ever-rolling white clouds, and through which only his fisherman's instinct kept him to his course. "'Twill be east-no'the-east this wind—if I know wind at all, and 'tis no'the by west you're to head, Martin. Two points for'ard of the port beam you'll keep that wind, and there you are, Martin, for the nearest point of Newf'undland—if ever you get there. But, oh, 'tis mortal cold and mortal tiring," he muttered, and yet rowed on, regarding his arms not as his own, but as a mechanism directed by some inner force and instinct that he did not recognize as part of himself.

Four full days and nights and for the first time Martin Carr almost admitted himself beaten. His fingers, he observed, were stiffening more frequently—the rapping against the hard gunnel no longer brought the blood. Certainly they would freeze up soon. And if they froze he would be unable to row. They might freeze stiff and straight, like Eddie's there. And if so? He groaned—he would be unable to grasp the oars. But hold—he would fix that. If freeze his fingers must, he would see that they froze so as to be of some use to a man. And conscientiously he curled them around the handles of the oars. Stubborn they were at first but he forced them into position and held them motionless till they were securely frozen to the handles of the oars.

And so, the oars secured beyond accident or future weakness, Martin Carr resumed his solemn way to the shore. How far to the shore then? He did not know—maybe forty, maybe fifty, maybe sixty, maybe one hundred miles. For all he knew he might have been rowing zigzag all over the ocean, running S's, as sometimes green hands steered a vessel over the wide sea.

However, row he did, gray winter skies and grim slate-colored seas about him. Lonesome? Aye, it was lonesome. In thirty years of fishing Martin Carr had never known so lonesome a time. Consider it—no sail, no smoke, no gull even to come screaming astern, and the boy's frozen body ever facing him in the stern.

Only the slap of chopping seas under the dory's low gunnels—that and the tumble of green-gray seas—interminable seas, curling like serpents, rolling always toward one and spitting foam as they rolled. Always that

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—that and the frozen body in the stern, and the thoughts that *would* come to him. Such thoughts!

Sometimes Martin Carr thought he would move the body to the bow, where he might not have it forever before his eyes. But again he wasn't quite sure that he would not see it just as clearly even if behind him; and somehow he was not quite sure that he did want it moved, even if he could do it now, which he doubted, his own fingers frozen as they were to the oars. Or his hands once removed, he was not sure he could reshape them to the handles of the oars again. So perhaps it was just as well, and he faced the dead boy anew.

For two days and two nights more, with his dead dory-mate's face ever staring at him from the stern—for six frosty days and six freezing winter nights in all—through that northern wind, and sea, and snow, and hail, Martin Carr rowed the dory. And made land at last. It did not look much—an iron-bound shore where the sheer rock rose straight as the wall of a church and against which the high seas beat furiously. He could not land there—he had to hunt a harbor. He made out one at last—an inlet with signs of people near by. His eyes were no more than pin-points in his head, but he could make out the five or six low huts set up on the rocks, and for them he headed. The way was caked in ice, and that made hard work of it for a man who had come so far without food or drink to force his way through. Using the oars as poles, he might with less labor have beaten a channel through, but his fingers, frozen to the oars, were not yet to be unsealed. He could do only one thing, and that was row. And so he rowed, ever rowed, making a channel by forcing the bow of the dory over the ice till of its own weight it broke through and went on.

In that laborious fashion he advanced. Hours in that little bay alone, but at length he reached the shore. He made sure it was the shore by a long examination before he relinquished the oars. To free himself of the oars he had to knock the ends of them, one over the other—had to do that to loosen the ice from about his hands so that he could slip his fingers free. They came away as he had frozen them, shaped in cylindrical form to the handles. Taking note of how smoothly they came away, he reflected that he might with safety have slid them off before this—if for no more than to break the ice off his unshaven chin or to wipe the hail from his eyes, or to set back on Eddie's head the sou'wester which had blown off in the night. But a man sees many things when it is past the time.

However, that wasn't getting on. There was Eddie yet to be taken care of. Christian burial he had asked for, and Christian burial he should have. He crawled out of the dory, and reached over the gunnel with one leg till the toe of his boot touched the ice on solid land. Finding it firm, he drew his other leg after the first.

He pushed away from the dory. One step and down he went to hands and knees, and could not get up, try as he would. He almost cried—perhaps if he had been stronger he would have cried. He, Martin Carr, whose strength used to be the boast of every crew that ever he sailed with—here he was weak as a young child.

But he must get on. If he couldn't walk he could creep. And so creep he did, on hands and knees, a hundred yards, perhaps, to the door of the nearest hut.

They opened to his knock, a bearded man and behind him a stout woman, with a brood of fat children peering out curiously. Seeing how it must be with him, they lifted him up, set him down on a chair, and told him that in a minute or two the hot tea would be ready for him; or if he would wait but ten minutes they would run over to the store and get him a glass of brandy—good brandy from Saint Pierre.

"I want no tea and I want no brandy," said Martin Carr—"and yet thanks to ye the same. I've a dory-mate below and he's waiting burial. Help me with him, help me get him ashore, for I'm weak to cryin' most, and after that prayers and a burial and Martin Carr will never forget ye both."

Back to the dory they went with him, the man that Martin Carr had knocked up and two of his neighbors. Under Martin's directions they essayed to lift the body from the dory, one being within the dory and two ashore. They had the body among them, suspended between the dory and shore, but it was an awkward weight, and the feet of one slipping, through the ice and out of sight went the body.

"He's gone!" they shouted, and stared at the hole in the ice.

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"Christ in heaven!" Martin crawled to the hole, and with no further word dropped through and after the body. They saw him disappear and shivered.

Next they saw the body handed up by a pair of frozen hands. It was just deep enough there for Martin's head, as he stood on bottom, to all but show clear. They took the body from him, seeing only the half-submerged head, the upstretched arms, and at the end of them the frozen, hooked fingers trying to balance the frozen body.

Martin followed the body, was helped up the beach, and there lay prone. It was some time before he could move, and his first clear speech was an apology. "I'm fair worked out," he said. "I've come a long way—days and nights—days and nights—I don't know how many—but it seems like years of rowin' I've had and nothin' to eat—nor drink. Don't mind if I refused your drink a while ago—I'll take it now that Eddie's safe, and thank ye kindly for the same."

They buried Eddie—dug his grave through the many feet of snow, lowered him into the warm, brown earth and had the good father say prayers over him. Martin was there—stayed to the last shovelful and sent his own prayer with it.

Not till that was done did he hunt up a doctor. The doctor threw up his hands when he saw the sight, but without delay went to work. To save the arms and legs the entire ten fingers and toes would have to come off. The doctor told him that. "Go ahead," said Martin.

Bandaged up and rested, the doctor asked him his story. And he told it—simply, with emphasis only on the fate of the poor lad—Jack Teevens's boy.

"But when he was gone beyond all hope, when he was actually dead," insisted the doctor, "why didn't you take your cardigan jacket off him and your oil-jacket and put them back on yourself. He was dead, and much as you cared for him he would be no worse off. And you—with your constitution—you might have saved yourself from freezing up. Why didn't you?"

"Take the clothes off the poor dead boy?" protested Martin. "Take them back after I'd put them on him? Twist and toss about his poor body after he was cold in death? I couldn't—I couldn't."

"God help you," exclaimed the doctor—"you're ruined for life!"

"Aye," assented Martin, "ruined I am."

"You take it calmly enough—do you realize what it means, man? You, who were such a magnificent man when you were whole and sound, do you know what it means?"

Martin regarded the doctor. "Do I know?" he gazed on his bandaged hands, and looked down on his poor stumps of feet. "God help me, 'tis well I know it. Ye'll never fish again, Martin Carr, ye'll never haul trawl or row dory again, nor stand to a wheel, nor reef a sail. The best part of your life's gone. Ye're such a creature, Martin Carr, as men throw pennies to in the street. But the last thing ye did in your full man's life—maybe Jack Teevens will remember it when in another world he meets ye, that out of love of him ye stood by his boy—were a full dory-mate to him—and at the last gave him Christian burial."

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Drawn by Sarah S. Stilwell.

Flowers of May.

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LIFE ON A TUSCAN FARM

By T. R. Sullivan

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE farm lies in the heart of the wine-growing district known as the Monti del Chianti, lying between Florence and Siena—a tract of wild and beautiful country some thirty miles long and almost as wide. There are no railways through it, and it remains practically unknown to the traveller, for there are no towns of any size, no sights to turn him that way. The artistic treasures of San Gimignano, Volterra, Monte Oliveto, etc., lie to the south and west of the Siena line, whose slow accommodation trains are a constant source of profanity to all who travel by it. The Chianti wine has long been famous, and it all comes from this district, which is a succession of large estates, intersected by good carriage-roads, its southern slopes devoted to the grape and olive, the northern ones covered with a growth of chestnut, oak, and pine, amid dense thickets of underbrush, heather, and broom.

To reach the farm we took a carriage at Siena and drove north for two hours, plunging first into the valley below the walls of the hill-city, through the scattered villages of the outskirts, and then steadily ascending by the post-road that winds up to Vagliagli, a little town perched upon a rocky height in the midst of the farming country. Vineyards and olive orchards soon surrounded us, and for some time the only houses to be seen were the rough stone dwellings of the *contadini* standing far apart upon the hillsides. Where the plantations border the road they are dotted here and there with small signs bearing the name of the owner or of his estate, prohibiting shooting and warning off trespassers. Occasionally, the way was overshadowed for a mile or so with thick groves of forest trees through which our view of the distant landscape widened at every turn; until, skirting one of the large estates—Scopeto—we commanded half the horizon, and, looking back, could see the towers of Siena silhouetted against the sky. Just beyond that point a semicircular terrace, with stone seats, jutted out over the valley, and opposite this, across the road, was an ornamental gateway, through which, at the end of a long avenue, appeared the manor-house of Scopeto, an imposing structure of stone and stucco as large as a French chateau, but in style distinctly modern. The method here employed of combining house, avenue, gate, and terraced point of view into one architectural effect is common to the whole region, but this was our first example of it.

The Scopeto property stretched off on either side for a long distance; then we passed a number of smaller places, detached houses or villas, with the outlying huts of their *contadini;* and at a turn of the road, across a deep ravine, had a first, far-off view of our destination—the manor-house of Dievole. A little farther on the town of Vagliagli came in sight, a mile away; and at this point, where the first of the Dievole sign-boards cropped up, we turned sharply to the right and entered its outer avenue, a straight and narrow way, nearly half a mile in length, along a ridge at the top of the ravine.

The avenue is distinguished by a serried rank of fine old cypress-trees, which at the end break into a semicircle around the usual terraced outlook. Thence, through a gate, the inner avenue follows a gentle downward slope to the edge of a cliff, upon which stand the house and its dependencies —stables, storehouses, workshops, grape and olive presses, a private chapel and its campanile, grouped together in an irregular cluster, with a formidable array of roofs, walls, grates, and terraces, suggesting a mediæval fortress. Some portions of the main building, undoubtedly, date from the sixteenth century; but alterations due to successive changes of ownership have modernized it. As it now stands, it is simply a

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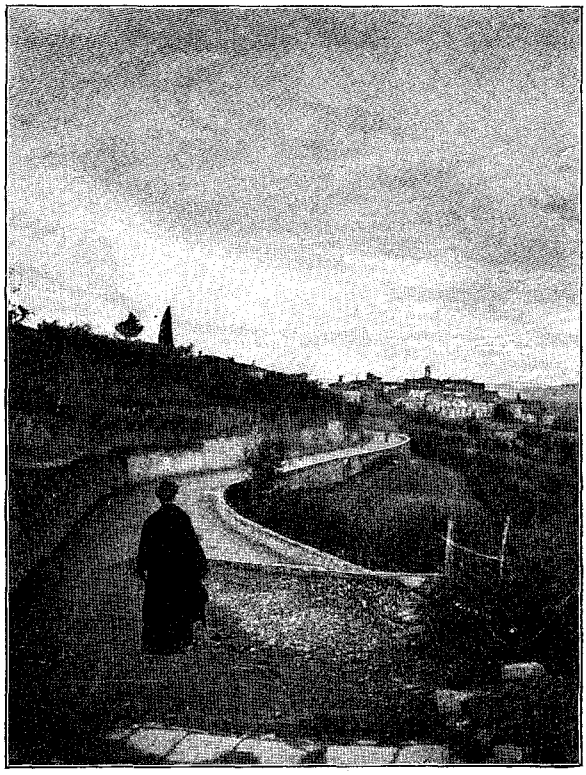
rambling country house, admirably placed, turning its long stuccoed façade to the south and substantially built to withstand a possible earthquake, with stone staircases and long, intricate passages, where even in broad daylight it is easy to go astray.

The season was late October and, as our host told us, the vintage was just over. The grape-juice stood, already undergoing its first fermentation processes, in the huge casks of the storehouses. But two long pergolas had been left ungathered for our benefit; and we were led out under their full white clusters to the garden at the southern end of the cliff. The view down the valley was superb; and all before, behind, on either hand, as far as the eye could reach, belonged to Dievole. Briefly, it was explained that the estate is shaped like an hour-glass, into the neck of which we now looked southward; that it consisted not of one, but of twenty farms, each a separate establishment, designated by an individual name. That nearest roof on the height to the west was called La Casetta; the speck on the plain below was Valli; the southernmost point visible had been christened, ages ago, the New Farm, and still kept the name, although it had been handed down from father to son in the same family of *contadini* through four centuries. According to traditional custom, which still prevails in Tuscany, each farm is let to a peasant, who is thus provided with a home, and pays his rental in half the farm product. He brings up his family there, and does his best to have a large one, keeping the boys at home, if possible, so that there are often three generations under his roof. The conduct of the whole estate is intrusted to an overseer, or *fattore*, who supervises the work, collects the rents, makes repairs, settles all claims or disputes, and, representing the owner in his absence, is a kind of animated buffer between him and the *contadino*. The position is one of great responsibility, most difficult to fill acceptably, full of temptation



Post-town of Vagliagli, near Dievole.

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Mountain-village of Carpineto, near Dievole.

low stone shed, open on all sides, where, upon mats woven of reeds, grapes were slowly drying in layers, exposed to light and air, but shielded from the sun. These are used to form "*il governo*" of the wine, as it is called, and, after ten days, stirred into the fermenting juice, give body and color to the new vintage. When all processes are complete, this is laid down in barrels, and kept a year or two to get into condition. The

to take undue advantage on one side or the other; and out of it has sprung the familiar Tuscan proverb:

Fammi fattore un anno,
Se sarò povero—mio danno!

Or, in an English equivalent:

Make me *fattore* for a year,
And for my pocket—never fear!

Family and farm-house of La Casetta, Dievole.

The incumbent leads a fine, out-of-door life, passing from one point to another in his tour of inspection, generally on foot, with a gun slung over his shoulders to bag any game that may start up. The present *fattore* of Dievole is a strong, rosy-cheeked fellow of thirty or so, active and alert, having a very intelligent look in his bright black eyes and a sufficiently good address. But the slightest allusion to him in the course of our visit brought the unflattering proverb to our host's lips with a deprecatory shrug of the shoulders.

At one end of the garden terrace was a wine which we drank daily was four years old and of fine quality, like a full-flavored Bordeaux, unfortified, with no headache in it.

Just below us an olive orchard stretched away into the ravine. The trees were full of fruit, already turned dark, approaching maturity. As soon as the vintage is over, preparations for the olive-crushing begin, and we were taken to the building devoted to this, called the "*frantoio*," halfway down

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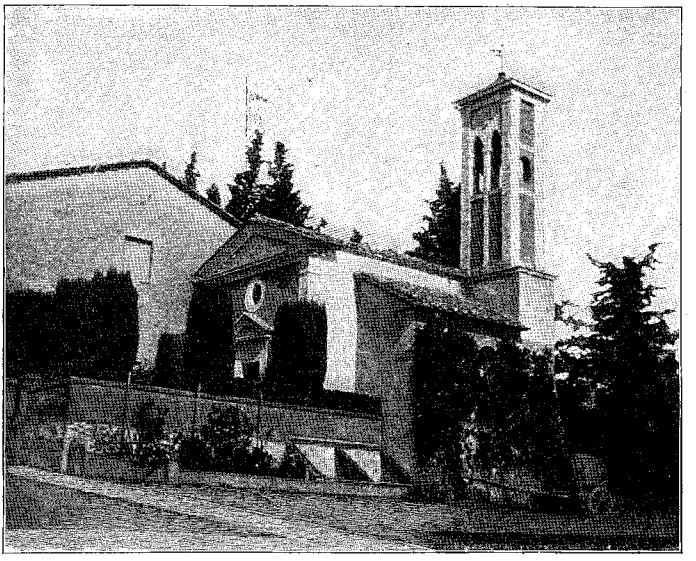


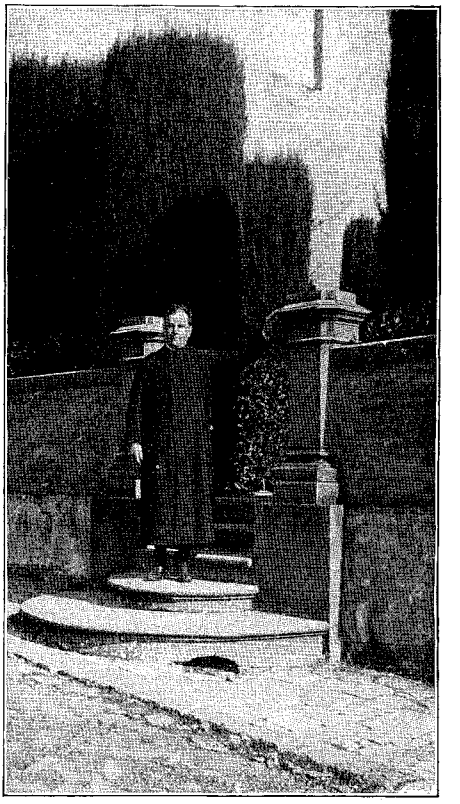
The chapel, Dievole.

the hill, where the mysteries of oil-making were fully described and illustrated.

The olives, stones and all, are first crushed in a stone mill run by ox-power. The mass of pulp is then transferred in flat wicker baskets to the "*torchio*," or oaken press, from which the oil oozes into a vat below. The presses at Dievole are very old, elaborately carved with the arms and devices of some early *padrone*. Tremendous pressure is applied through a primitive capstan arrangement, which the men work by heavy wooden levers, walking round and round on the stone floor in a track much worn by the tread of laboring generations. There are commonly two or three squeezings of the pulp, the product of the first being of the finest quality. But the process, once begun, must be carried forward continuously, lest the oil should spoil in the making. It is finally drawn off into huge earthen jars of immemorial pattern, like those in which the Forty Thieves of the Arabian tale concealed themselves for nefarious purposes. And it stands thus for a week in the adjoining clearing-room, called the "*chiaratoio*," after which it is ready for the market.

Oil is a precious commodity, zealously guarded at every stage of its manufacture, and even while it settles in the clearing-room there is a watchman on duty day and night. The orchards, too, are tended with great care. At best, the trees do not bear until they are twenty years old, but, if properly treated, their life is a long one, when they escape the hail-storm or cloud-burst of the mountain slopes. The whole production of the Chianti district is practically limited to the grape and olive. For though some grain is grown at the lower levels, the soil is really unsuited to it.

On the ground-floor of Dievole a long passage runs from the principal entrance to an inner paved court enclosed by the kitchen, stables, and other offices—a



The priest (Don Gaetano) on the chapel-steps, Dievole.

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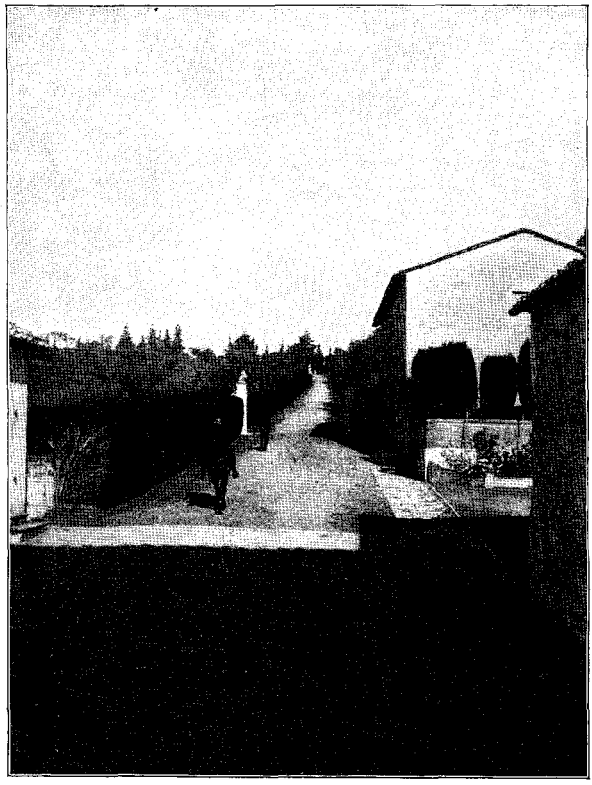
picturesque place with, at one end of it, an old well, long disused. On the garden side of the passage, facing south, are the dining and reception rooms, the latter the usual rendezvous of the family when it proves too cold outside to sit upon the terrace. On the other side is the principal staircase and the kitchen—the oldest and most interesting room in the house, vaulted, like a *salle de gardes*, with an enormous fireplace over a raised stone hearth, two feet high, on which the roasting of meat with clockwork appliances for turning the spit has a kind of ceremonial dignity. On the floor above there is a drawing-room opening into a large central hall, used as a billiard-room, in which the perplexing corridors leading, or misleading, to the sleeping apartments converge.



Inner avenue with priest (Don Gaetano) arriving on horseback, Dievole.

The daily life at Dievole is of the most simple and informal character, as befits the remote, rough country, where there is no neighborhood, and social obligations are not to be considered. Morning coffee is served in the chambers, according to Continental custom; after which each member of the family follows his own bent until the eleven o'clock breakfast, when the household assembles for the first time. The *padrone*, in these morning hours, is busy with his correspondence or with cross-examination of his wily *fattore*. The guest is his own master. Breakfast is a long, substantial meal, and there is much lingering over the table afterward. Then follows, in the early afternoon, some sort of expedition: a drive in an ox-cart to the post-town; a visit to the quaintly picturesque mountain-village of Carpineto, that hamlet of sixty souls who are all domiciled on three sides of an irregular public square, which, on the fourth side, is left open to the southern sunshine; or a long tramp across country by the woodland paths through the underbrush, up hill and down dale to some distant part of the estate. In this way, under guidance of some one of the family, we visited several of the farm-houses, to which the peasants welcomed us most cordially, bringing wine to drink and inviting inspection of their establishments. Some of these have curious features. At the New Farm, before mentioned, there is, for instance, a loggia of architectural importance, with a wonderful view down the hillsides to Siena; also a living-room of patriarchal proportions, with a fine chimney-piece and the original rude *cinquecento* decorations in color upon the walls. Along one side of the room was a narrow table in carved oak, with long benches capable of seating forty persons comfortably—interesting relics of the original furniture. Another farm-house had beside it a wide terrace, finely paved, immaculate as a dining-table. This is the *aia*, used for the thrashing of grain.

In these excursions the signs of friendly intercourse between the *padrone* and his farm-hands were everywhere apparent. The tenants whose hospitality we shared

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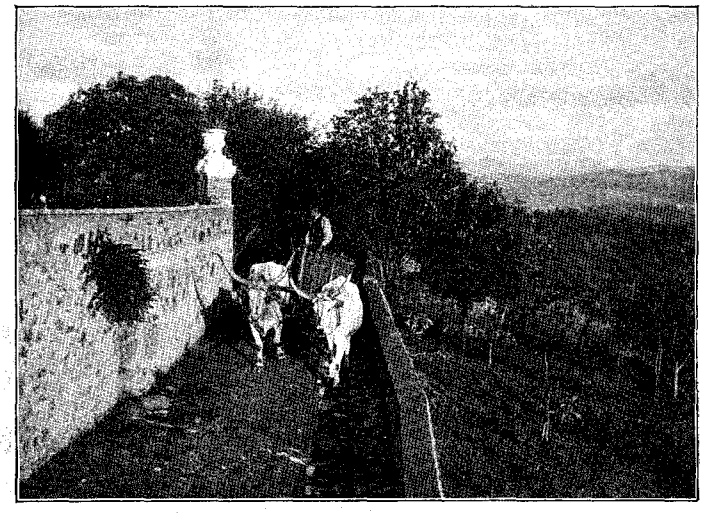
seemed entirely content with their lot, light-hearted, and happy. At the farm of La Casetta we saw and photographed the entire family. As none of them had ever posed for a likeness before, the event at once became momentous. Their group was arranged and disarranged; one small boy positively refused to join it; we urged him in vain, finally eliciting the fact that he was only a distant cousin, and therefore felt the impropriety of figuring among the family, which lined up once more without him. Then suddenly, with one voice, it called a halt; the youngest member, asleep upstairs, had been forgotten. The mother rushed off, returning in a moment with her poor, half-awakened *bambino*, tightly swathed in its bandages. At last, to the great satisfaction of all, the photograph was taken, and a copy of it is now a treasured possession of the household.



Looking south from the terrace, Dievole.

Our longest tramp was to a point fully two hours' walk from Dievole, called Communella, where is the private pottery of the estate, at which all the olive-jars and other earthen utensils are made. The furnace stands upon a hill in the neck of the hour-glass, and is the half-way landmark of the property, which still opened away to the south indefinitely. Eastward, among the hills, could be seen the roofs of the Castello di Brolio—the most famous of all the Chianti vineyards, shipping wine to all parts of the world.

The view on all sides from Communella is a very extended one, characteristic of the country, which has a rugged, volcanic cast, suggesting some imaginative drawing of Doré. Much of its vegetation is unfamiliar to the foreigner. There are gaunt stone-pines with spreading tops, glossy ilexes, and dark, sharp-pointed cypress-trees. Amid flowering heather and broom, which straggle everywhere underfoot, grows the *corbezzolo*, a thick, evergreen shrub bearing a crimson fruit, the size of a large cherry, with a pleasant, pungent flavor, used as the barberry is in New England, for jellies and preserves. We plunged through a tangle of this wild growth to the bottom of a deep gorge, where in the dry bed of a torrent a sulphur spring bubbles and boils and smells infernally; and, diverted from the path into another thicket, we were shown an ancient "*uccellatoio*," a labyrinth of dwarfed ilex-trees with closely interwoven branches, under which, by means of limed twigs, small game was formerly trapped. Every feature of the landscape was so new and strange that our incursions upon it were like walks in another planet. No farming country could be more unlike our own.

At the seven o'clock dinner of Dievole

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Manor-house of Dievole.

we were forbidden to wear evening dress upon pain of death. The meal was a long one of many courses, and after it we sat on at table, smoking, for an hour or two, sometimes until nearly ten o'clock. Then, in the adjoining room, we had a round game of cards, or a sleight-of-hand performance by our host, who is a master in that kind; and thence, at what he called the "*ora canonica*," somewhere on the hither side of eleven, we retired in good order.

On Sunday morning, at nine, the bell rang in the chapel campanile, and a priest clattered up the avenue on horseback, coming from an earlier mass in a remote village. A horde of *contadini* swarmed into the chapel, and we followed presently with the family, through a small door in the back of the building, opening into a private box at the left of the altar. After the service we were taken round to see the fine old altar-piece—a Holy Family of the school of Titian, possibly by one of his pupils. For, though unsigned, it was surely good sixteenth-century work. The jolly young priest was urged to take breakfast with us. But he would accept only a cup of black coffee, which was served for him in the reception-room, while he chatted with the family upon affairs of church and state. As mass must be celebrated fasting, he had eaten nothing that morning; but his outlook upon the world seemed none the less cheery in consequence. On the contrary, he waited a while longer to pose several times for his photograph with much pride and circumstance; then, finally, he mounted and rode off, urbane and merry to the last.

Except for a most unexpected afternoon call from two ladies who drove over from a distant villa on the chance of finding us, this official visit from the priest was our only contact with the world. The life at Dievole is self-dependent, secluded as that of some desert island, its resources all coming from within. It is rarely long continued. The *padrone* has a country house in another part of Tuscany, where the conditions are entirely normal, with manners and customs differing in no marked degree from those of other civilized communities. To his farm he repairs at intervals, generally for a week or two at a time, often bringing a house-party with him. Or, if he desires absolute rest, Dievole is a splendid refuge. "In the other place," he says, "they know the ropes, can get at me, and fish me up. Here I am my own master—and I am safe."

We left him there, one bright morning, to his shining solitude among his flowers. There was no cloud in the sky and the shadow of the *fattore* seemed the only one on all the landscape. Since the early days of Eden, there has been no garden without a snake rustling through the grass—except, perhaps, in Ireland.

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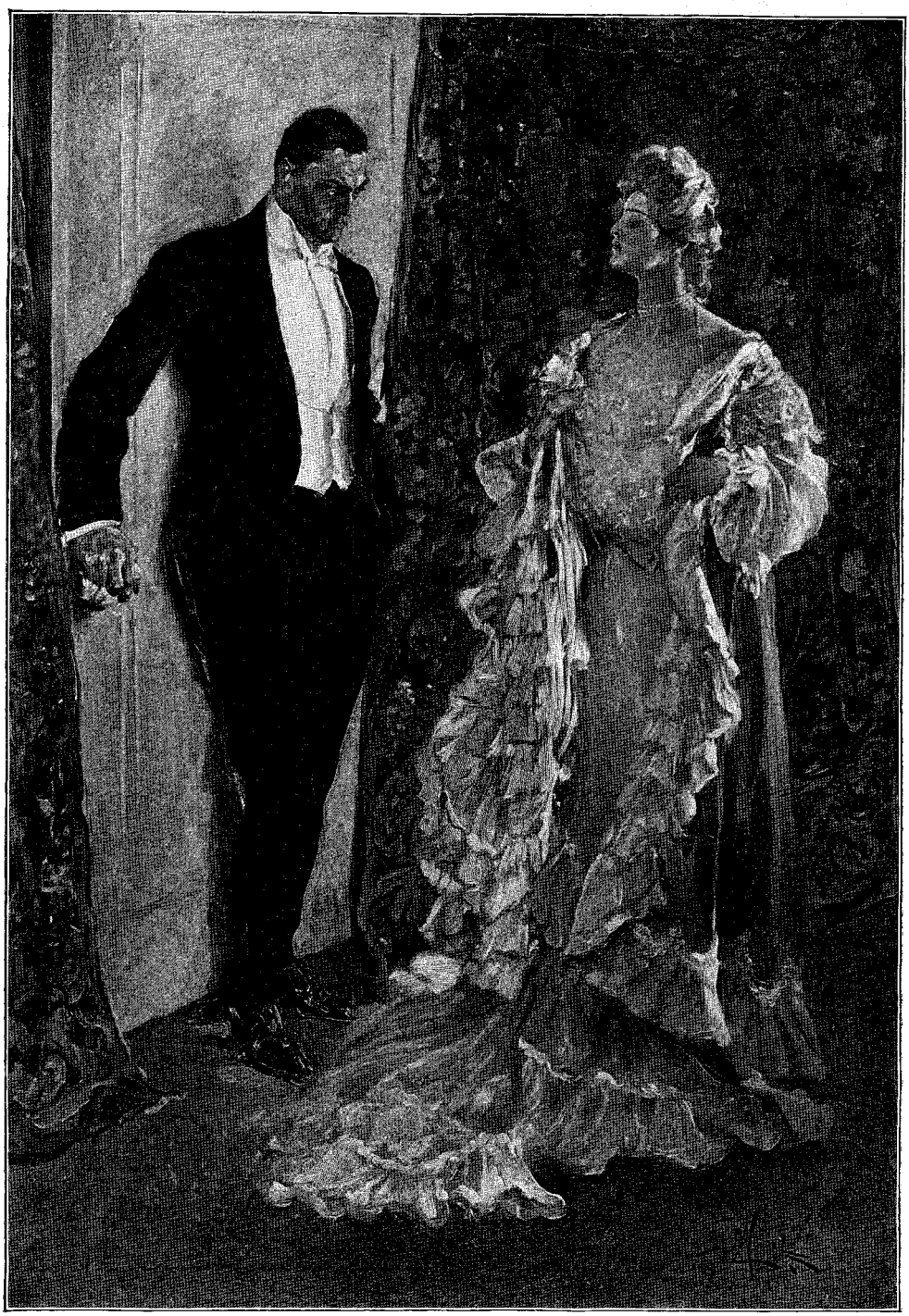

Drawn by A. B. Wenzell.

"I mean to make you hear me out."—Page 561.

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THE HOUSE OF MIRTH

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY A. B. WENZELL

BOOK I—(Continued)

XI

MEANWHILE the holidays had gone by and the season was beginning. Fifth Avenue had become a nightly torrent of carriages surging upward to the fashionable quarters about the Park, where illuminated windows and outspread awnings betokened the usual routine of hospitality. Other tributary currents crossed the main stream, bearing their freight to the theatres, restaurants or opera; and Mrs. Peniston, from the secluded watch-tower of her upper window, could tell to a nicety just when the chronic volume of sound was increased by the sudden influx setting toward a Van Osburgh ball, or when the multiplication of wheels meant merely that the opera was over, or that there was a big supper at Sherry's.

Mrs. Peniston followed the rise and culmination of the season as keenly as the most active sharer in its gaieties; and, as a looker-on, she enjoyed opportunities of comparison and generalization such as those who take part must proverbially forego. No one could have kept a more accurate record of social fluctuations, or have put a more unerring finger on the distinguishing features of each season: its dulness, its extravagance, its lack of balls or excess of divorces. She had a special memory for the vicissitudes of the "new people" who rose to the surface with each recurring tide, and were either submerged beneath its rush or landed triumphantly beyond the reach of envious breakers; and she was apt to display a remarkable retrospective insight into their ultimate fate, so that, when they had fulfilled their destiny, she was almost always able to say to Grace Stepney—the recipient of her prophecies—that she had known exactly what would happen.

This particular season Mrs. Peniston would have characterized as that in which everybody "felt poor" except the Welly Brys and Mr. Simon Rosedale. It had been a bad autumn in Wall Street, where prices fell in accordance with that peculiar law which proves railway stocks and bales of cotton to be more sensitive to the allotment of executive power than many estimable citizens trained to all the advantages of self-government. Even fortunes supposed to be independent of the market either betrayed a secret dependence on it, or suffered from a sympathetic affection: fashion sulked in its country-houses, or came to town incognito, general entertainments were discountenanced, and informality and short dinners became the fashion.

But society, amused for a while at playing Cinderella, soon wearied of the hearthside rôle, and welcomed the Fairy God-mother in the shape of any magician powerful enough to turn the shrunken pumpkin back again into the golden coach. The mere fact of growing richer at a time when most people's investments are shrinking, is calculated to attract envious attention; and according to Wall Street rumours, Welly Bry and Rosedale had found the secret of performing this miracle.

Rosedale, in particular, was said to have doubled his fortune, and there was talk of his buying the newly-finished house of one of the victims of the crash, who, in the space of twelve short months, had made the same number of millions, built a house in Fifth Avenue, filled a picture-gallery with old masters, entertained all New York in it, and been smuggled out of the country between a trained nurse and a doctor, while his creditors mounted guard over the old masters, and his guests explained to each other that they had dined with him only because they wanted to see the pictures. Mr. Rosedale meant to have a less meteoric career. He knew he should have to go slowly, and the instincts of his race fitted him to suffer rebuffs and put up with delays. But he was

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prompt to perceive that the general dulness of the season afforded him an unusual opportunity to shine, and he set about with patient industry to form a background for his growing glory. Mrs. Fisher was of immense service to him at this period. She had set off so many newcomers on the social stage that she was like one of those pieces of stock scenery which tell the experienced spectator exactly what is going to take place. But Mr. Rosedale wanted, in the long run, a more individual environment. He was sensitive to shades of difference which Miss Bart would never have credited him with perceiving, because he had no corresponding variations of manner; and it was becoming more and more clear to him that Miss Bart herself possessed precisely the complementary qualities needed to round off his social personality.

Such details did not fall within the range of Mrs. Peniston's vision. Like many minds of panoramic sweep, hers was apt to overlook the *minutiæ* of the foreground, and she was much more likely to know where Carry Fisher had found the Welly Brys' *chef* for them, than what was happening to her own niece. She was not, however, without purveyors of information ready to supplement her deficiencies. Grace Stepney's mind was like a kind of moral fly-paper, to which the buzzing items of gossip were drawn by a fatal attraction, and where they hung fast in the toils of an inexorable memory. Lily would have been surprised to know how many trivial facts concerning herself were lodged in Miss Stepney's head. She was quite aware that she was of interest to dingy people, but she assumed that there is only one form of dinginess, and that admiration for brilliancy is the natural expression of its inferior state. She knew that Gerty Farish admired her blindly, and therefore supposed that she inspired the same sentiments in Grace Stepney, whom she classified as a Gerty Farish without the saving traits of youth and enthusiasm.

In reality, the two differed from each other as much as they differed from the object of their mutual contemplation. Miss Farish's heart was a fountain of tender illusions, Miss Stepney's a precise register of facts as manifested in their relation to herself. She had sensibilities which, to Lily, would have seemed comic in a person with a freckled nose and red eye-lids, who lived in a boarding-house and admired Mrs. Peniston's drawing-room; but poor Grace's limitations gave them a more concentrated inner life, as poor soil starves certain plants into intenser efflorescence. She had in truth no abstract propensity to malice: she did not dislike Lily because the latter was brilliant and predominant, but because she thought that Lily disliked her. It is less mortifying to believe one's self unpopular than insignificant, and vanity prefers to assume that indifference is a latent form of unfriendliness. Even such scant civilities as Lily accorded to Mr. Rosedale would have made Miss Stepney her friend for life; but how could she foresee that such a friend was worth cultivating? How, moreover, can a young woman who has never been ignored measure the pang which this injury inflicts? And, lastly, how could Lily, accustomed to choose between a pressure of engagements, guess that she had mortally offended Miss Stepney by causing her to be excluded from one of Mrs. Peniston's infrequent dinner-parties?

Mrs. Peniston disliked giving dinners, but she had a high sense of family obligation, and on the Jack Stepneys' return from their honeymoon she felt it incumbent upon her to light the drawing-room lamps and extract her best silver from the Safe Deposit vaults. Mrs. Peniston's rare entertainments were preceded by days of heart-rending vacillation as to every detail of the feast, from the seating of the guests to the pattern of the table-cloth, and in the course of one of these preliminary discussions she had imprudently suggested to her cousin Grace that, as the dinner was a family affair, she might be included in it. For a week the prospect had lighted up Miss Stepney's colourless existence; then she had been given to understand that it would be more convenient to have her another day. Miss Stepney knew exactly what had happened. Lily, to whom family reunions were occasions of unalloyed dulness, had persuaded her aunt that a dinner of "smart" people would be much more to the taste of the young couple, and Mrs. Peniston, who leaned helplessly on her niece in social matters, had been prevailed upon to pronounce Grace's exile. After all Grace could come any other day; why should she mind being put off?

It was precisely because Miss Stepney could come any other day—and because she knew her relations were in the secret of her

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unoccupied evenings—that this incident loomed gigantically on her horizon. She was aware that she had Lily to thank for it; and dull resentment was turned to active animosity.

Mrs. Peniston, on whom she had looked in a day or two after the dinner, laid down her crochet-work and turned abruptly from her oblique survey of Fifth Avenue.

"Gus Trenor?—Lily and Gus Trenor?" she said, growing so suddenly pale that her visitor was almost alarmed.

"Oh, cousin Julia . . . of course I don't mean . . . "

"I don't know what you *do* mean," said Mrs. Peniston, with a frightened quiver in her small fretful voice. "Such things were never heard of in my day. And my own niece! I'm not sure I understand you. Do people say he's in love with her?"

Mrs. Peniston's horror was genuine. Though she boasted an unequalled familiarity with the secret chronicles of society, she had the innocence of the school-girl who regards wickedness as a part of "history," and to whom it never occurs that the scandals she reads of in lesson-hours may be repeating themselves in the next street. Mrs. Peniston had kept her imagination shrouded, like the drawing-room furniture. She knew, of course, that society was "very much changed," and that many women her mother would have thought "peculiar" were now in a position to be critical about their visiting-lists; she had discussed the perils of divorce with her rector, and had felt thankful at times that Lily was still unmarried; but the idea that any scandal could attach to a young girl's name, above all that it could be lightly coupled with that of a married man, was so new to her that she was as much aghast as if she had been accused of leaving her carpets down all summer, or of violating any of the other cardinal laws of housekeeping.

Miss Stepney, when her first fright had subsided, began to feel the superiority that greater breadth of mind confers. It was really pitiable to be as ignorant of the world as Mrs. Peniston!

She smiled at the latter's question. "People always say unpleasant things—and certainly they're a great deal together. A friend of mine met them the other afternoon in the Park—quite late, after the lamps were lit. It's a pity Lily makes herself so conspicuous."

"*Conspicuous!*" gasped Mrs. Peniston. She bent forward, lowering her voice to mitigate the horror. "What sort of things do they say? That he means to get a divorce and marry her?"

Grace Stepney laughed outright. "Dear me, no! He would hardly do that. It—it's a flirtation—nothing more."

"A flirtation? Between my niece and a married man? Do you mean to tell me that, with Lily's looks and advantages, she could find no better use for her time than to waste it on a fat stupid man almost old enough to be her father?" This argument had such a convincing ring that it gave Mrs Peniston sufficient reassurance to pick up her work, while she waited for Grace Stepney to rally her scattered forces.

But Miss Stepney was on the spot in an instant. "That's the worst of it—people say she isn't wasting her time! Every one knows, as you say, that Lily is too handsome and—and charming—to devote herself to a man like Gus Trenor unless——"

"Unless?" echoed Mrs. Peniston.

Her visitor drew breath nervously. It was agreeable to shock Mrs. Peniston, but not to shock her to the verge of anger. Miss Stepney was not sufficiently familiar with the classic drama to have recalled in advance how bearers of bad tidings are proverbially received, but she now had a rapid vision of forfeited dinners and a reduced wardrobe as the possible consequence of her disinterestedness. To the honour of her sex, however, hatred of Lily prevailed over more personal considerations. Mrs. Peniston had chosen the wrong moment to boast of her niece's charms.

"Unless," said Grace, leaning forward to speak with low-toned emphasis, "unless there are material advantages to be gained by making herself agreeable to him."

She felt that the moment was tremendous, and remembered suddenly that Mrs. Peniston's black brocade, with the cut jet fringe, would have been hers at the end of the season.

Mrs. Peniston put down her work again. Another aspect of the same idea had presented itself to her, and she felt that it was beneath her dignity to have her nerves racked by a dependent relative who wore her old clothes.

"If you take pleasure in annoying me by mysterious insinuations," she said coldly,

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"you might at least have chosen a more suitable time than just as I am recovering from the strain of giving a large dinner."

The mention of the dinner dispelled Miss Stepney's last scruples. "I don't know why I should be accused of taking pleasure in telling you about Lily. I was sure I shouldn't get any thanks for it," she returned with a flare of temper. "But I have some family feeling left, and as you are the only person who has any authority over Lily, I thought you ought to know what is being said of her."

"Well," said Mrs. Peniston, "what I complain of is that you haven't told me yet what *is* being said."

"I didn't suppose I should have to put it so plainly. People say that Gus Trenor pays her bills."

"Pays her bills—her bills?" Mrs. Peniston broke into a laugh. "I can't imagine where you can have picked up such rubbish. Lily has her own income—and I provide for her very handsomely—— "

"Oh, we all know that," interposed Miss Stepney drily. "But Lily wears a great many smart gowns—— "

"I like her to be well-dressed—it's only suitable!"

"Certainly; but then there are her gambling debts besides."

Miss Stepney, in the beginning, had not meant to bring up this point; but Mrs. Peniston had only her own incredulity to blame. She was like the stiff-necked unbelievers of Scripture, who must be annihilated to be convinced.

"Gambling debts? Lily?" Mrs. Peniston's voice shook with anger and bewilderment. She wondered whether Grace Stepney had gone out of her mind. "What do you mean by her gambling debts?"

"Simply that if one plays bridge for money in Lily's set one is liable to lose a great deal—and I don't suppose Lily always wins."

"Who told you that my niece played cards for money?"

"Mercy, cousin Julia, don't look at me as if I were trying to turn you against Lily! Everybody knows she is crazy about bridge. Mrs. Gryce told me herself that it was her gambling that frightened Percy Gryce—it seems he was really taken with her at first. But, of course, among Lily's friends it's quite the custom for girls to play for money. In fact, people are inclined to excuse her on that account—— "

"To excuse her for what?"

"For being hard up—and accepting attentions from men like Gus Trenor—and George Dorset——"

Mrs. Peniston gave another cry. "George Dorset? Is there any one else? I should like to know the worst, if you please."

"Don't put it in that way, cousin Julia. Lately Lily has been a good deal with the Dorsets, and he seems to admire her—but of course that's only natural. And I'm sure there is no truth in the horrid things people say; but she *has* been spending a great deal of money this winter. Evie Van Osburgh was at Céleste's ordering her trousseau the other day—yes, the marriage takes place next month—and she told me that Céleste showed her the most exquisite things she was just sending home to Lily. And people say that Judy Trenor has quarrelled with her on account of Gus; but I'm sure I'm sorry I spoke, though I only meant it as a kindness."

Mrs. Peniston's genuine incredulity enabled her to dismiss Miss Stepney with a disdain which boded ill for that lady's prospect of succeeding to the black brocade; but minds impenetrable to reason have generally some crack through which suspicion filters, and her visitor's insinuations did not glide off as easily as she had expected. Mrs. Peniston disliked scenes, and her determination to avoid them had always led her to hold herself aloof from the details of Lily's life. In her youth, girls had not been supposed to require close supervision. They were generally assumed to be taken up with the legitimate business of courtship and marriage, and interference in such affairs on the part of their natural guardians was considered as unwarrantable as a spectator's suddenly joining in a game. There had of course been "fast" girls even in Mrs. Peniston's early experience; but their fastness, at worst, was understood to be a mere excess of animal spirits, against which there could be no graver charge than that of being "unladylike." The modern fastness appeared synonymous with immorality, and the mere idea of immorality was as offensive to Mrs. Peniston as a smell of cooking in the drawing-room: it was one of the conceptions her mind refused to admit.

She had no immediate intention of repeating to Lily what she had heard, or even of trying to ascertain its truth by means of discreet interrogation. To do so might be to

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provoke a scene; and a scene, in the shaken state of Mrs. Peniston's nerves, with the effects of her dinner not worn off, and her mind still tremulous with new impressions, was a risk she deemed it her duty to avoid. But there remained in her thoughts a settled deposit of resentment against her niece, all the denser because it was not to be cleared by explanation or discussion. It was horrible of a young girl to let herself be talked about; however unfounded the charges against her, she must be to blame for their having been made. Mrs. Peniston felt as if there had been a contagious illness in the house, and she was doomed to sit shivering among her contaminated furniture.

XII

MISS BART had in fact been treading a devious way, and none of her critics could have been more alive to the fact than herself; but she had a fatalistic sense of being drawn from one wrong turning to another, without ever perceiving the right road till it was too late to take it.

Lily, who considered herself above narrow prejudices, had not imagined that the fact of letting Gus Trenor make a little money for her would ever disturb her self-complacency. And the fact in itself still seemed harmless enough; only it was a fertile source of harmful complications. As she exhausted the amusement of spending the money these complications became more pressing, and Lily, whose mind could be severely logical in tracing the causes of her ill-luck to others, justified herself by the thought that she owed all her troubles to the enmity of Bertha Dorset. This enmity, however, had apparently expired in a renewal of friendliness between the two women. Lily's visit to the Dorsets had resulted, for both, in the discovery that they could be of use to each other; and the civilized instinct finds a subtler pleasure in making use of its antagonist than in confounding him. Mrs. Dorset was, in fact, engaged in a new sentimental experiment, of which Mrs. Fisher's late property, Ned Silverton, was the rosy victim; and at such moments, as Judy Trenor had once remarked, she felt a peculiar need of distracting her husband's attention. Dorset was as difficult to amuse as a savage; but even his self-engrossment was not proof against Lily's arts, or rather these were especially adapted to soothe an uneasy egotism. Her experience with Percy Gryce stood her in good stead in ministering to Dorset's humours, and if the incentive to please was less urgent, the difficulties of her situation were teaching her to make much of minor opportunities.

Intimacy with the Dorsets was not likely to lessen such difficulties on the material side. Mrs. Dorset had none of Judy Trenor's lavish impulses, and Dorset's admiration was not likely to express itself in financial "tips," even had Lily cared to renew her experiences in that line. What she required, for the moment, of the Dorsets' friendship, was simply its social sanction. She knew that people were beginning to talk of her; but this fact did not alarm her as it had alarmed Mrs. Peniston. In her set such gossip was not unusual, and a handsome girl who flirted with a married man was merely assumed to be pressing to the limit of her opportunities. It was Trenor himself who frightened her. Their walk in the Park had not been a success. Trenor had married young, and since his marriage his intercourse with women had not taken the form of the sentimental small-talk which doubles upon itself like the paths in a maze. It first puzzled and then irritated him to find himself always led back to the same starting-point, and Lily felt that she was gradually losing control of the situation. Trenor was in truth in an unmanageable mood. In spite of his understanding with Rosedale he had been somewhat heavily "touched" by the fall in stocks; his household expenses weighed on him, and he seemed to be meeting, on all sides, a sullen opposition to his wishes, instead of the easy good luck he had hitherto encountered.

Mrs. Trenor was still at Bellomont, keeping the town-house open, and descending on it now and then for a taste of the world, but preferring the recurrent excitement of week-end parties to the restrictions of a dull season. Since the holidays she had not urged Lily to return to Bellomont, and the first time they met in town Lily fancied there was a shade of coldness in her manner. Was it merely the expression of her displeasure at Miss Bart's neglect, or had disquieting rumours reached her? The latter contingency seemed improbable, yet Lily was not without a

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sense of uneasiness. If her roaming sympathies had struck root anywhere, it was in her friendship with Judy Trenor. She believed in the sincerity of her friend's affection, though it sometimes showed itself in self-interested ways, and she shrank with peculiar reluctance from any risk of estranging it. But, aside from this, she was keenly conscious of the way in which such an estrangement would react on herself. The fact that Gus Trenor was Judy's husband was at times Lily's strongest reason for disliking him, and for resenting the obligation under which he had placed her.

To set her doubts at rest, Miss Bart, soon after the New Year, "proposed" herself for a week-end at Bellomont. She had learned in advance that the presence of a large party would protect her from too great assiduity on Trenor's part, and his wife's telegraphic "come by all means" seemed to assure her of her usual welcome.

Judy received her amicably. The cares of a large party always prevailed over personal feelings, and Lily saw no change in her hostess's manner. Nevertheless, she was soon aware that the experiment of coming to Bellomont was not successful. The party was made up of what Mrs. Trenor called "poky people"—her generic name for persons who did not play bridge—and, it being her habit to group all such obstructionists in one class, she usually invited them together, regardless of their other characteristics. The result was apt to be an irreducible combination of persons having no other quality in common than their abstinence from bridge, and the antagonisms developed in a group lacking the one taste which might have amalgamated them, were in this case aggravated by bad weather, and by the ill-concealed boredom of their host and hostess. In such emergencies, Judy would usually have turned to Lily to fuse the discordant elements; and Miss Bart, assuming that such a service was expected of her, threw herself into it with her accustomed zeal. But at the outset she perceived a subtle resistance to her efforts. If Mrs. Trenor's manner toward her was unchanged, there was certainly a faint coldness in that of the other ladies. An occasional caustic allusion to "your friends the Wellington Brys," or to "the little Jew who has bought the Greiner house—some one told us you knew him, Miss Bart,"—showed Lily that she was in disfavour with that portion of society which, while contributing least to its amusement, has assumed the right to decide what forms that amusement shall take. The indication was a slight one, and a year ago Lily would have smiled at it, trusting to the charm of her personality to dispel any prejudice against her. But now she had grown more sensitive to criticism and less confident in her power of disarming it. She knew, moreover, that if the ladies at Bellomont permitted themselves to criticize her friends openly, it was a proof that they were not afraid of subjecting her to the same treatment behind her back. The nervous dread lest anything in Trenor's manner should seem to justify their disapproval made her seek every pretext for avoiding him, and she left Bellomont conscious of having failed in every purpose which had taken her there.

In town she returned to preoccupations which, for the moment, had the happy effect of banishing troublesome thoughts. The Welly Brys, after much debate, and anxious counsel with their newly acquired friends, had decided on the bold move of giving a general entertainment. To attack society collectively, when one's means of approach are limited to a few acquaintances, is like advancing into a strange country with an insufficient number of scouts; but such rash tactics have sometimes led to brilliant victories, and the Brys had determined to put their fate to the touch. Mrs. Fisher, to whom they had entrusted the conduct of the affair, had decided that *tableaux vivants* and expensive music were the two baits most likely to attract the desired prey, and after prolonged negotiations, and the kind of wire-pulling in which she was known to excel, she had induced a dozen fashionable women to exhibit themselves in a series of pictures which, by a farther miracle of persuasion, the distinguished portrait painter, Paul Morpeth, had been prevailed upon to organize.

Lily was in her element on such occasions. Under Morpeth's guidance her vivid plastic sense, hitherto nurtured on no higher food than dress-making and upholstery, found eager expression in the disposal of draperies, the study of attitudes, the shifting of lights and shadows. Her dramatic instinct was roused by the choice of subjects, and the gorgeous reproductions of historic dress stirred an imagination which only visual im-

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pressions could reach. But keenest of all was the exhilaration of displaying her own beauty under a new aspect: of showing that her loveliness was no mere fixed quality, but an element shaping all emotions to fresh forms of grace.

Mrs. Fisher's measures had been well-taken, and society, surprised in a dull moment, succumbed to the temptation of Mrs. Bry's hospitality. The protesting minority were forgotten in the throng which abjured and came; and the audience was almost as brilliant as the show.

Lawrence Selden was among those who had yielded to the proffered inducements. If he did not often act on the accepted social axiom that a man may go where he pleases, it was because he had long since learned that his pleasures were mainly to be found in a small group of the like-minded. But he enjoyed spectacular effects, and was not insensible to the part money plays in their production: all he asked was that the very rich should live up to their calling as stage-managers, and not spend their money in a dull way. This the Brys could certainly not be charged with doing. Their recently built house, whatever it might lack as a frame for domesticity, was almost as well-designed for the display of a festal assemblage as one of those airy pleasure-halls which the Italian architects improvised to set off the hospitality of princes. The air of improvisation was in fact strikingly present: so recent, so rapidly-evoked was the whole *mise-en-scène* that one had to touch the marble columns to learn they were not of cardboard, to seat one's self in one of the damask-and-gold arm-chairs to be sure it was not painted against the wall.

Selden, who had put one of these seats to the test, found himself, from an angle of the ball-room, surveying the scene with frank enjoyment. The company, in obedience to the decorative instinct which calls for fine clothes in fine surroundings, had dressed rather with an eye to Mrs. Bry's background than to herself. The seated throng, filling the immense room without undue crowding, presented a surface of rich tissues and jewelled shoulders in harmony with the festooned and gilded walls, and the flushed splendours of the Venetian ceiling. At the farther end of the room a stage had been constructed behind a proscenium arch curtained with folds of old damask; but in the pause before the parting of the folds there was little thought of what they might reveal, for every woman who had accepted Mrs. Bry's invitation was engaged in trying to find out how many of her friends had done the same.

Gerty Farish, seated next to Selden, was lost in that indiscriminate and uncritical enjoyment so irritating to Miss Bart's finer perceptions. It may be that Selden's nearness had something to do with the quality of his cousin's pleasure; but Miss Farish was so little accustomed to refer her enjoyment of such scenes to her own share in them, that she was merely conscious of a deeper sense of contentment.

"Wasn't it dear of Lily to get me an invitation? Of course it would never have occurred to Carry Fisher to put me on the list, and I should have been so sorry to miss seeing it all—and especially Lily herself. Some one told me the ceiling was by Veronese—you would know, of course, Lawrence. I suppose it's very beautiful, but his women are so dreadfully fat. Goddesses? Well, I can only say that if they'd been mortals and had to wear corsets, it would have been better for them. I think our women are much handsomer. And this room is wonderfully becoming—every one looks so well! Did you ever see such jewels? Do look at Mrs. George Dorset's pearls—I suppose the smallest of them would pay the rent of our Girls' Club for a year. Not that I ought to complain about the club; every one has been so wonderfully kind. Did I tell you that Lily had given us three hundred dollars? Wasn't it splendid of her? And then she collected a lot of money from her friends—Mrs. Bry gave us five hundred, and Mr. Rosedale a thousand. I wish Lily were not so nice to Mr. Rosedale, but she says it's no use being rude to him, because he doesn't see the difference. She really can't bear to hurt people's feelings—it makes me so angry when I hear her called cold and conceited! The girls at the club don't call her that. Do you know she has been there with me twice?—yes, Lily! And you should have seen their eyes! One of them said it was as good as a day in the country just to look at her. And she sat there, and laughed and talked with them—not a bit as if she were being *charitable*, you know, but as if she liked it as much at they did. They've been asking ever since when she's coming back; and she's promised me—— oh!"

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Miss Farish's confidences were cut short by the parting of the curtain on the first *tableau*—a group of nymphs dancing across flower-strewn sward in the rhythmic postures of Botticelli's Spring. *Tableaux vivants* depend for their effect not only on the happy disposal of lights and the delusive interposition of layers of gauze, but on a corresponding adjustment of the mental vision. To unfurnished minds they remain, in spite of every enhancement of art, only a superior kind of wax-works; but to the responsive fancy they may give magic glimpses of the boundary world between fact and imagination. Selden's mind was of this order: he could yield to vision-making influences as completely as a child to the spell of a fairy-tale. Mrs. Bry's *tableaux* wanted none of the qualities which go to the producing of such illusions, and under Morpeth's organizing hand the pictures succeeded each other with the rhythmic march of some splendid frieze, in which the fugitive curves of living flesh and the wandering light of young eyes have been subdued to plastic harmony without losing the charm of life.

The scenes were taken from old pictures, and the participators had been cleverly fitted with characters suited to their types. No one, for instance, could have made a more typical Goya than Carry Fisher, with her short dark-skinned face, the exaggerated glow of her eyes, the provocation of her frankly-painted smile. A brilliant Miss Smedden from Brooklyn showed to perfection the sumptuous curves of Titian's Daughter, lifting her gold salver laden with grapes above the harmonizing gold of rippled hair and rich brocade, and a young Mrs. Van Alstyne, who showed the frailer Dutch type, with high blue-veined forehead and pale eyes and lashes, made a characteristic Vandyck, in black satin, against a curtained archway. Then there were Kauffmann nymphs garlanding the altar of Love; a Veronese supper, all sheeny textures, pearl-woven heads and marble architecture; and a Watteau group of lute-playing comedians, lounging by a fountain in a sunlit glade.

Each evanescent picture touched the vision-building faculty in Selden, leading him so far down the vistas of fancy that even Gerty Farish's running commentary—"Oh, how lovely Lulu Melson looks!" or: "That must be Kate Corby, to the right there, in purple"—did not break the spell of the illusion. Indeed, so skilfully had the personality of the actors been subdued to the scenes they figured in that even the least imaginative of the audience must have felt a thrill of contrast when the curtain suddenly parted on a picture which was simply and undisguisedly the portrait of Miss Bart.

Here there could be no mistaking the predominance of personality—the unanimous "Oh!" of the spectators was a tribute, not to the brush-work of Reynolds's "Mrs. Lloyd" but to the flesh and blood loveliness of Lily Bart. She had shown her artistic intelligence in selecting a type so like her own that she could embody the person represented without ceasing to be herself. It was as though she had stepped, not out of, but into, Reynolds's canvas, banishing the phantom of his dead beauty by the beams of her living grace. The impulse to show herself in a splendid setting—she had thought for a moment of representing Tiepolo's Cleopatra—had yielded to the truer instinct of trusting to her unassisted beauty, and she had purposely chosen a picture without distracting accessories of dress or surroundings. Her pale draperies, and the background of foliage against which she stood, served only to relieve the long dryad-like curves that swept upward from her poised foot to her lifted arm. The noble buoyancy of her attitude, its suggestion of soaring grace, revealed the touch of poetry in her beauty that Selden always felt in her presence, yet lost the sense of when he was not with her. Its expression was now so vivid that for the first time he seemed to see before him the real Lily Bart, divested of the trivialities of her little world, and catching for a moment a note of that eternal harmony of which her beauty was a part.

"Deuced bold thing to show herself in that get-up; but, gad, there isn't a break in the lines anywhere, and I suppose she wanted us to know it!"

These words, uttered by that experienced connoisseur, Mr. Ned Van Alstyne, whose scented white moustache had brushed Selden's shoulder whenever the parting of the curtains presented any exceptional opportunity for the study of the female outline, affected their hearer in an unexpected way. It was not the first time that Selden had heard Lily's beauty lightly remarked on, and hitherto the tone of the comments

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had imperceptibly coloured his view of her. But now it woke only a motion of indignant contempt. This was the world she lived in, these were the standards by which she was fated to be measured! Does one go to Caliban for a judgment on Miranda?

In the long moment before the curtain fell, he had time to feel the whole tragedy of her life. It was as though her beauty, thus detached from all that cheapened and vulgarized it, had held out suppliant hands to him from the world in which he and she had once met for a moment, and where he felt an overmastering longing to be with her again.

He was roused by the pressure of ecstatic fingers. "Wasn't she too beautiful, Lawrence? Don't you like her best in that simple dress? It makes her look like the real Lily—the Lily I know."

He met Gerty Farish's brimming gaze. "The Lily *we* know," he corrected; and his cousin, beaming at the implied understanding, exclaimed joyfully: "I'll tell her that! She always says you dislike her."

The performance over, Selden's first impulse was to seek Miss Bart. During the interlude of music which succeeded the *tableaux*, the actors had seated themselves here and there in the audience, diversifying its conventional appearance by the varied picturesqueness of their dress. Lily, however, was not among them, and her absence served to protract the effect she had produced on Selden: it would have broken the spell to see her too soon in the surroundings from which accident had so happily detached her. They had not met since the day of the Van Osburgh wedding, and on his side the avoidance had been intentional. To-night, however, he knew that, sooner or later, he should find himself at her side; and though he let the dispersing crowd drift him whither it would, without making an immediate effort to reach her, his procrastination was not due to any lingering resistance, but to the desire to luxuriate a moment in the sense of complete surrender.

Lily had not an instant's doubt as to the meaning of the murmur greeting her appearance. No other *tableau* had been received with that precise note of approval: it had obviously been called forth by herself, and not by the picture she impersonated. She had feared at the last moment that she was risking too much in dispensing with the advantages of a more sumptuous setting, and the completeness of her triumph gave her an intoxicating sense of recovered power. Not caring to diminish the impression she had produced, she held herself aloof from the audience till the movement of dispersal before supper, and thus had a second opportunity of showing herself to advantage, as the throng poured slowly into the empty drawing-room where she was standing.

She was soon the centre of a group which increased and renewed itself as the circulation became general, and the individual comments on her success were a delightful prolongation of the collective applause. At such moments she lost something of her natural fastidiousness, and cared less for the quality of the admiration received than for its quantity. Differences of personality were merged in a warm atmosphere of praise, in which her beauty expanded like a flower in sunlight; and if Selden had approached a moment or two sooner he would have seen her turning on Ned Van Alstyne and George Dorset the look he had dreamed of capturing for himself.

Fortune willed, however, that the hurried approach of Mrs. Fisher, as whose aide-camp Van Alstyne was acting, should break up the group before Selden reached the threshold of the room. One or two of the men wandered off in search of their partners for supper, and the others, noticing Selden's approach, gave way to him in accordance with the tacit free-masonry of the ball-room. Lily was therefore standing alone when he reached her; and finding the expected look in her eye, he had the satisfaction of supposing he had kindled it. The look did indeed deepen as it rested on him, for even in that moment of self-intoxication Lily felt the quicker beat of life that his nearness always produced. She read, too, in his answering gaze the delicious confirmation of her triumph, and for the moment it seemed to her that it was for him only she cared to be beautiful.

Selden had given her his arm without speaking. She took it in silence, and they moved away, not toward the supper-room, but against the tide which was setting thither. The faces about her flowed by like the streaming images of sleep: she hardly noticed where Selden was leading her, till

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they passed through a glass doorway at the end of the long suite of rooms and stood suddenly in the fragrant hush of a garden. Gravel grated beneath their feet, and about them was the transparent dimness of a mid-summer night. Hanging lights made emerald caverns in the depths of foliage, and whitened the spray of a fountain falling among lilies. The magic place was deserted: there was no sound but the plash of the water on the lily-pads, and a distant drift of music that might have been blown across a sleeping lake.

Selden and Lily stood still, accepting the unreality of the scene as a part of their own dream-like sensations. It would not have surprised them to feel a summer breeze on their faces, or to see the lights among the boughs reduplicated in the arch of a starry sky. The strange solitude about them was no stranger than the sweetness of being alone in it together.

At length Lily withdrew her hand, and moved away a step, so that her white-robed slimness was outlined against the dusk of the branches. Selden followed her, and still without speaking they seated themselves on a bench beside the fountain.

Suddenly she raised her eyes with the beseeching gravity of a child. "You never speak to me—you think hard things of me," she murmured.

"I think of you at any rate, God knows!" he said.

"Then why do we never see each other? Why can't we be friends? You promised once to help me," she continued in the same tone, as though the words were drawn from her unwillingly.

"The only way I can help you is by loving you," Selden said in a low voice.

She made no reply, but her face turned to him with the soft motion of a flower. His own met it slowly, and their lips touched.

She drew back and rose from her seat. Selden rose too, and they stood facing each other. Suddenly she caught his hand and pressed it a moment against her cheek.

"Ah, love me, love me—but don't tell me so!" she sighed with her eyes in his; and before he could speak she had turned and slipped through the arch of boughs, disappearing in the brightness of the room beyond.

Selden stood where she had left him. He knew too well the transiency of exquisite moments to attempt to follow her; but presently he reentered the house and made his way through the deserted rooms to the door. A few sumptuously-cloaked ladies were already gathered in the marble vestibule, and in the coat-room he found Van Alstyne and Gus Trenor.

The former, at Selden's approach, paused in the careful selection of a cigar from one of the silver boxes invitingly set out near the door.

"Hallo, Selden, going too? You're an Epicurean like myself, I see: you don't want to see all those goddesses gobbling terrapin. Gad, what a show of good-looking women; but not one of 'em could touch that little cousin of mine. Talk of jewels—what's a woman want with jewels when she's got herself to show? The trouble is that all these fal-bals they wear cover up their figures when they've got 'em. I never knew till tonight what an outline Lily has."

"It's not her fault if everybody don't know it now," growled Trenor, flushed with the struggle of getting into his fur-lined coat. "Damned bad taste, I call it—no, no cigar for me. You can't tell what you're smoking in one of these new houses—likely as not the *chef* buys the cigars. Stay for supper? Not if I know it! When people crowd their rooms so that you can't get near any one you want to speak to, I'd as soon sup in the elevated at the rush hour. My wife was dead right to stay away: she says life's too short to spend it in breaking in new people."

XIII

LILY woke from happy dreams to find two notes at her bedside.

One was from Mrs. Trenor, who announced that she was coming to town that afternoon for a flying visit, and hoped Miss Bart would be able to dine with her. The other was from Selden. He wrote briefly that an important case called him to Albany, whence he would be unable to return till the evening, and asked Lily to let him know at what hour on the following day she would see him.

Lily, leaning back among her pillows, gazed musingly at his letter. The scene in the Brys' conservatory had been like a part

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of her dreams; she had not expected to wake to such evidence of its reality. Her first movement was one of annoyance: this unforeseen act of Selden's added another complication to life. It was so unlike him to yield to such an irrational impulse! Did he really mean to ask her to marry him? She had once shown him the impossibility of such a hope, and his subsequent behaviour seemed to prove that he had accepted the situation with a reasonableness somewhat mortifying to her vanity. It was all the more agreeable to find that this reasonableness was maintained only at the cost of not seeing her; but, though nothing in life was as sweet as the sense of her power over him, she saw the danger of allowing the episode of the previous night to have a sequel. Since she could not marry him, it would be kinder to him, as well as easier for herself, to write a line amicably evading his request to see her: he was not the man to mistake such a hint, and when next they met it would be on their usual friendly footing.

Lily sprang out of bed, and went straight to her desk. She wanted to write at once, while she could trust to the strength of her resolve. She was still languid from her brief sleep and the exhilaration of the evening, and the sight of Selden's writing brought back the culminating moment of her triumph: the moment when she had read in his eyes that no philosophy was proof against her power. It would be pleasant to have that sensation again. . . no one else could give it to her in its fulness; and she could not bear to mar her mood of luxurious retrospection by an act of definite refusal. She took up her pen and wrote hastily: "*To-morrow at four;*" murmuring to herself, as she slipped the sheet into its envelope: "I can easily put him off when to-morrow comes."

Judy Trenor's summons was very welcome to Lily. It was the first time she had received a direct communication from Bellomont since the close of her last visit there, and she was still visited by the dread of having incurred Judy's displeasure. But this characteristic command seemed to re-establish their former relations; and Lily smiled at the thought that her friend had probably summoned her in order to hear about the Brys' entertainment. Mrs. Trenor had absented herself from the feast, perhaps for the reason so frankly enunciated by her husband, perhaps because, as Mrs. Fisher somewhat differently put it, she "couldn't bear new people when she hadn't discovered them herself." At any rate, though she remained haughtily at Bellomont, Lily suspected in her a devouring eagerness to hear of what she had missed, and to learn exactly in what measure Mrs. Wellington Bry had surpassed all previous competitors for social recognition. Lily was quite ready to gratify this curiosity, but it happened that she was dining out. She determined, however, to see Mrs. Trenor for a few moments, and ringing for her maid she despatched a telegram to say that she would be with her friend that evening at ten.

She was dining with Mrs. Fisher, who had gathered at an informal feast a few of the performers of the previous evening. There was to be plantation music in the studio after dinner—for Mrs. Fisher, despairing of the republic, had taken up modelling, and annexed to her small crowded house a spacious apartment, which, whatever its uses in her hours of plastic inspiration, served at other times for the exercise of an indefatigable hospitality. Lily was reluctant to leave, for the dinner was amusing, and she would have liked to lounge over a cigarette and hear a few songs; but she could not break her engagement with Judy, and shortly after ten she asked her hostess to ring for a hansom, and drove up Fifth Avenue to the Trenors'.

She waited long enough on the doorstep to wonder that Judy's presence in town was not signalized by a greater promptness in admitting her; and her surprise was increased when, instead of the expected footman, pushing his shoulders into a tardy coat, a shabby care-taking person in calico let her into the shrouded hall. Trenor, however, appeared at once on the threshold of the drawing-room, welcoming her with unusual volubility while he relieved her of her cloak and drew her into the room.

"Come along to the den; it's the only comfortable place in the house. Doesn't this room look as if it was waiting for the body to be brought down? Can't see why Judy keeps the house wrapped up in this awful slippery white stuff—it's enough to give a fellow pneumonia to walk through these rooms on a cold day. You look a little pinched yourself, by the way: it's

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rather a sharp night out. I noticed it walking up from the club. Come along, and I'll give you a nip of brandy, and you can toast yourself over the fire and try some of my new Egyptians—that little Turkish chap at the Embassy put me on to a brand that I want you to try, and if you like 'em I'll get out a lot for you: they don't have 'em here yet, but I'll cable."

He led her through the house to the large room at the back, where Mrs. Trenor usually sat, and where, even in her absence, there was an air of occupancy. Here, as usual, were flowers, newspapers, a littered writing-table, and a general aspect of lamplit familiarity, so that it was a surprise not to see Judy's energetic figure start up from the armchair near the fire.

It was apparently Trenor himself who had been occupying the seat in question, for it was overhung by a cloud of cigar smoke, and near it stood one of those intricate folding tables which British ingenuity has devised to facilitate the circulation of tobacco and spirits. The sight of such appliances in a drawing-room was not unusual in Lily's set, where smoking and drinking were unrestricted by considerations of time and place, and her first movement was to help herself to one of the cigarettes recommended by Trenor, while she checked his loquacity by asking, with a surprised glance: "Where's Judy?"

Trenor, a little heated by his unusual flow of words, and perhaps by prolonged propinquity with the decanters, was bending over the latter to decipher their silver labels.

"Here, now, Lily, just a drop of cognac in a little fizzy water—you do look pinched, you know: I swear the end of your nose is red. I'll take another glass to keep you company— Judy?—Why, you see, Judy's got a devil of a headache—quite knocked out with it, poor thing—she asked me to explain—make it all right, you know— Do come up to the fire, though; you look dead-beat, really. Now do let me make you comfortable, there's a good girl."

He had taken her hand, half-banteringly, and was drawing her toward a low seat by the hearth; but she stopped and freed herself quietly.

"Do you mean to say that Judy's not well enough to see me? Doesn't she want me to go upstairs?"

Trenor drained the glass he had filled for himself, and paused to set it down before he answered.

"Why, no—the fact is, she's not up to seeing anybody. It came on suddenly, you know, and she asked me to tell you how awfully sorry she was—if she'd known where you were dining she'd have sent you word."

"She did know where I was dining; I mentioned it in my telegram. But it doesn't matter, of course. I suppose if she's so poorly she won't go back to Bellomont in the morning, and I can come and see her then."

"Yes: exactly—that's capital. I'll tell her you'll pop in tomorrow morning. And now do sit down a minute, there's a dear, and let's have a nice quiet jaw together. You won't take a drop, just for sociability? Tell me what you think of that cigarette. Why, don't you like it? What are you chucking it away for?"

"I am chucking it away because I must go, if you'll have the goodness to call a cab for me," Lily returned with a smile.

She did not like Trenor's unusual excitability, with its too evident explanation, and the thought of being alone with him, with her friend out of reach upstairs, at the other end of the great empty house, did not conduce to a desire to prolong their *tête-à-tête*.

But Trenor, with a promptness which did not escape her, had moved between herself and the door.

"Why must you go, I should like to know? If Judy'd been here you'd have sat gossiping till all hours—and you can't even give me five minutes! It's always the same story. Last night I couldn't get near you—I went to that damned vulgar party just to see you, and there was everybody talking about you, and asking me if I'd ever seen anything so stunning, and when I tried to come up and say a word, you never took any notice, but just went on laughing and joking with a lot of asses who only wanted to be able to swagger about afterward, and look knowing when you were mentioned."

He paused, flushed by his diatribe, and fixing on her a look in which resentment was the ingredient she least disliked. But she had regained her presence of mind, and stood composedly in the middle of the room, while her slight smile seemed to put an ever increasing distance between herself and Trenor.

Across it she said: "Don't be absurd, Gus.

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It's past eleven, and I must really ask you to ring for a cab."

He remained immovable, with the lowering forehead she had grown to detest.

"And supposing I won't ring for one—what'll you do then?"

"I shall go upstairs to Judy if you force me to disturb her."

Trenor drew a step nearer and laid his hand on her arm. "Look here, Lily: won't you give me five minutes of your own accord?"

"Not to-night, Gus: you——"

"Very good, then: I'll take 'em. And as many more as I want." He had squared himself on the threshold, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. He nodded toward the chair on the hearth.

"Go and sit down there, please: I've got a word to say to you."

Lily's quick temper was getting the better of her fears. She drew herself up and moved toward the door.

"If you have anything to say to me, you must say it another time. I shall go up to Judy unless you call a cab for me at once."

He burst into a laugh. "Go upstairs and welcome, my dear; but you won't find Judy. She ain't there."

Lily grew pale. "Do you mean that Judy is not in the house—not in town?" she exclaimed with a start of intuition.

"That's just what I do mean," returned Trenor, his bluster sinking to sullenness under her contemptuous look.

"Nonsense—I don't believe you. I am going upstairs."

He drew unexpectedly aside, letting her reach the threshold unimpeded.

"Go up and welcome; but my wife is at Bellomont."

But Lily had a flash of reassurance. "If she hadn't come she would have sent me word——"

"She did; she telephoned me this afternoon to let you know."

"I received no message."

"I didn't send any."

The two measured each other for a moment, but Lily still saw her opponent through a blur of scorn that made all other considerations indistinct.

"I can't imagine your object in playing such a stupid trick on me; but if you have fully gratified your peculiar sense of humour I must again ask you to send for a cab."

It was the wrong note, and she knew it as she spoke. To be stung by irony it is not necessary to understand it, and the angry streaks on Trenor's face might have been raised by an actual flash.

"Look here, Lily, don't take that high and mighty tone with me." He had again moved toward the door, and in her instinctive shrinking from him she let him regain command of the threshold. "I *did* play a trick on you; I own up to it; but if you think I'm ashamed you're mistaken. Lord knows I've been patient enough—I've hung round and looked like an ass. And all the while you were letting a lot of other fellows make up to you . . . letting 'em make fun of me, I daresay . . . I'm not sharp, and can't dress my friends up to look funny, as you do . . . but I can tell when it's being done to me . . . I can tell fast enough when I'm made a fool of . . . "

"Ah, I shouldn't have thought that!" flashed from Lily; but her laugh dropped to silence under his look.

"No; you wouldn't have thought it; but you'll know better. That's what you're here for to-night. I've been waiting for a quiet time to talk things over, and now I've got it I mean to make you hear me out."

His first rush of inarticulate resentment had been followed by a steadiness and concentration of tone more disconcerting to Lily than the excitement preceding it. For a moment her presence of mind forsook her. She had more than once been in situations where a quick sword-play of wit had been needful to cover her retreat; but her frightened heart-throbs told her that here such skill would not avail.

To gain time she repeated: "I don't understand what you want."

Trenor had pushed a chair between herself and the door. He threw himself in it, and leaned back, looking up at her.

"I'll tell you what I want: I want to know just where you and I stand. Hang it, the man who pays for the dinner is generally allowed to have a seat at table."

She flamed with anger and abasement, and the sickening need of having to conciliate where she longed to humble.

"I don't know what you mean—but you must see, Gus, that I can't stay here talking to you at this hour——"

"Gad, you go to men's houses fast enough

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in broad daylight—strikes me you're not always so deuced careful of appearances."

The brutality of the thrust gave her the sense of dizziness that follows on a physical blow. Rosedale had spoken then—this was the way men talked of her— She felt suddenly weak and defenceless: there was a throb of self-pity in her throat. But all the while another self was sharpening her to vigilance, whispering the terrified warning that every word and gesture must be measured.

"If you have brought me here to say insulting things——" she began.

Trenor laughed. "Don't talk stage-rot. I don't want to insult you. But a man's got his feelings—and you've played with mine too long. I didn't begin this business—kept out of the way, and left the track clear for the other chaps, till you rummaged me out and set to work to make an ass of me—and an easy job you had of it, too. That's the trouble—it was too easy for you—you got reckless—thought you could turn me inside out, and chuck me in the gutter like an empty purse. But, by gad, that ain't playing fair: that's dodging the rules of the game. Of course I know now what you wanted—it wasn't my beautiful eyes you were after—but I tell you what, Miss Lily, you've got to pay up for making me think so——"

He rose, squaring his shoulders aggressively, and stepped toward her with a reddening brow; but she held her footing, though every nerve tore at her to retreat as he advanced.

"Pay up?" she faltered. "Do you mean that I owe you money?"

He laughed again. "Oh, I'm not asking for payment in kind. But there's such a thing as fair play—and interest on one's money—and hang me if I've had as much as a look from you——"

"Your money? What have I to do with your money? You advised me how to invest mine . . . you must have seen I knew nothing of business . . . you told me it was all right——"

"It *was* all right—it is, Lily: you're welcome to all of it, and ten times more. I'm only asking for a word of thanks from you." He was closer still, with a hand that grew formidable; and the frightened self in her was dragging the other down.

"I *have* thanked you; I've shown I was grateful. What more have you done than any friend might do, or any one accept from a friend?"

Trenor caught her up with a sneer. "I don't doubt you've accepted as much before—and chucked the other chaps as you'd like to chuck me. I don't care how you settled your score with them—if you fooled 'em I'm that much to the good. Don't stare at me like that—I know I'm not talking the way a man is supposed to talk to a girl—but, hang it, if you don't like it you can stop me quick enough—you know I'm mad about you—damn the money, there's plenty more of it—if *that* bothers you . . . I was a brute, Lily—Lily!—just look at me——"

Over and over her the sea of humiliation broke—wave crashing on wave so close that the moral shame was one with the physical dread. It seemed to her that self-esteem would have made her invulnerable—that it was her own dishonour which put a fearful solitude about her.

His touch was a shock to her drowning consciousness. She drew back from him with a desperate assumption of scorn.

"I've told you I don't understand—but if I owe you money you shall be paid——"

Trenor's face darkened to rage: her recoil of abhorrence had called out the primitive man.

"Ah—you'll borrow from Selden or Rosedale—and take your chances of fooling them as you've fooled me! Unless—unless you've settled your other scores already—and I'm the only one left out in the cold!"

She stood silent, frozen to her place. The words—the words were worse than the touch! Her heart was beating all over her body—in her throat, her limbs, her helpless useless hands. Her eyes travelled despairingly about the room—they lit on the bell, and she remembered that help was in call. Yes, but scandal with it—a hideous mustering of tongues. No, she must fight her way out alone. It was enough that the servants knew her to be in the house with Trenor—there must be nothing to excite conjecture in her way of leaving it.

She raised her head, and achieved a last clear look at him.

"I am here alone with you," she said. "What more have you to say?"

To her surprise, Trenor answered the

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look with a speechless stare. With his last gust of words the flame had died out, leaving him chill and humbled. It was as though a cold air had dispersed the fumes of his libations, and the situation loomed before him black and naked as the ruins of a fire. Old habits, old restraints, the hand of inherited order, plucked back the bewildered mind which passion has jolted from its ruts. Trenor's eye had the haggard look of the sleep-walker waked on a deathly ledge.

"Go home! Go away from here"—— he stammered, and turning his back on her walked toward the table by the hearth.

The sharp release from her fears plunged Lily in a great bath of lucidity. The collapse of Trenor's will left her in control, and she heard herself, in a voice that was her own yet outside herself, bidding him ring for the servant, bidding him give the order for a hansom, directing him to put her in it when it came. Whence the strength came to her she knew not; but an insistent voice warned her that she must leave the house openly, and nerved her, in the hall before the hovering care-taker, to exchange light words with Trenor, and charge him with the usual messages for Judy, while all the while she shook with inward loathing. On the doorstep, with the street before her, she felt a mad throb of liberation, intoxicating as the prisoner's first draught of free air; but the clearness of brain continued, and she noted the mute aspect of Fifth Avenue, guessed at the lateness of the hour, and even observed a man's figure—was there something half-familiar in its outline?—which, as she entered the hansom, turned from the opposite corner and vanished in the obscurity of the side street.

But with the turn of the wheels reaction came, and shuddering darkness closed on her. "I can't think—I can't think," she moaned, and leaned her head against the rattling side of the cab. She seemed a stranger to herself, or rather there were two selves in her, the one she had always known, and a new abhorrent being to which it found itself chained. She had once picked up, in a house where she was staying, a translation of the *Eumenides*, and her imagination had been seized by the high terror of the scene where Orestes, in the cave of the oracle, finds his implacable huntresses asleep, and snatches an hour's repose. Yes, the Furies might sometimes sleep, but they were there, always there in the dark corners, and now they were awake and the iron clang of their wings was in her brain . . . She opened her eyes and saw the streets passing—the familiar alien streets. All she looked on was the same and yet changed. There was a great gulf fixed between to-day and yesterday. Everything in the past seemed simple, natural, full of daylight—and she was alone in a place of darkness and pollution.— Alone! It was the loneliness that frightened her. Her eyes fell on an illuminated clock at a street corner, and she saw that the hands marked the half hour after eleven. Only half-past eleven—there were hours and hours left of the night! And she must spend them alone, shuddering sleepless on her bed. Her soft nature recoiled from this ordeal, which had none of the stimulus of conflict to goad her through it. Oh, the slow cold drip of the minutes on her head! She had a vision of herself lying on the black walnut bed—and the darkness would frighten her, and if she left the light burning the dreary details of the room would brand themselves forever on her brain. She had always hated her room at Mrs. Peniston's—its ugliness, its impersonality, the fact that nothing in it was really hers. To a torn heart uncomforted by human nearness a room may open almost human arms, and the being to whom no four walls mean more than any others, is, at such hours, expatriate everywhere.

Lily had no heart to lean on. Her relation with her aunt was as superficial as that of chance lodgers who pass on the stairs. But even had the two been in closer contact, it was impossible to think of Mrs. Peniston's mind as offering shelter or comprehension to such misery as Lily's. As the pain that can be told is but half a pain, so the pity that questions has little healing in its touch. What Lily craved was the darkness made by enfolding arms, the silence which is not solitude, but compassion holding its breath.

She started up and looked forth on the passing streets. Gerty!—they were nearing Gerty's corner. If only she could reach there before this labouring anguish burst from her breast to her lips—if only she could feel the hold of Gerty's arms while she shook in the ague-fit of fear that was coming upon her! She pushed up the door in the roof

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and called the address to the driver. It was not so late— Gerty might still be waking. And even if she were not, the sound of the bell would penetrate every recess of her tiny apartment, and rouse her to answer her friend's call.

(To be continued.)

AMID THE ORCHARDS

By Mary Findlater

Amid the orchards dim and sweet,
Before the night and morning meet,
A bird sings on, ere yet the crowd
Of thrushes makes the garden loud:—

It is a strange new song, that seems
As angel's singing, heard in dreams,
E'en such an one as stands and sings
In some old picture gay and quaint
Of Virgin-Mother, monk and saint,
Who flutters with his painted wings
And strikes across his silver strings
With his enchanting bow.

The quick, glad notes come thrilling so,
You'd think that somewhere long ago
He'd found the Eternal Riddle out,
The clear conclusion of all doubt;
And in the orchards dim and sweet,
The hour when night and morning meet,
Would tell it all with song and shout.

It is a story that he tells
Of worlds where blest assurance dwells;
Where they need Hope no more; you hear
In that strange singing quick and clear,
A happiness that is not mirth,
A soul that has forgotten Earth—
Almost forgotten—keeping such
Remembrance as will show how much
Has been forgotten, and how far
The old doubts and distresses are.

With such a cry the Soul will greet
The One Beloved when they meet
The first time in the shining street;
With grief foregone: with Love made fast,
This life, and death, and parting, past.
. . . . . .
So much you hear, and then no more,
But silence as there was before;
And in the orchards dim and sweet,
The dying night and morning meet.

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BREAKING TRAIL

By Frank E. Schoonover

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

I

IT was the early gray of the morning and the Indian village was still asleep. It seemed very strange to see it for the last time thus wrapped, as it were, in a garment of silence. Before us lay the boundless white northern wilderness into which we proposed to break our trail.

First went Xavier Gill, a full-blooded Montagnais Indian, who broke trail. His snow-shoes clicked in the silence one against the other with each step that he took. Behind him trailed a long narrow toboggan, loaded with a hundred and fifty pounds of provisions. This he drew by a broad leather band called a tump-line or portage strap. This strap passes across the forehead (so that the hands may be free) and is attached to the bow of the toboggan. Next behind him followed Skene, a Scotch half-breed, and then came the dogs, each harnessed to a sledge, heavily loaded with two hundred pounds of provisions. Last of all came the author—the end of the long train that wound its serpent-like way through the breaking day and into the silence of the North.

It was my first essay at real travelling, and for a while I was possessed of the novelty and the interest of it.

For a few miles the trail was good and hard, for the Indians of the camp we had just left had trapped hereabouts and had built many rabbit-snares along the river. I remember, as the train passed by, I twice saw a pure white northern rabbit in these traps each frozen to the hardness of stone. According to the courtesy of the wilderness, I took each from its trap, hung it upon the nearest spruce branch, reshaped the wire noose, cleared the snow away from about the trap and went my way.

My men were walking briskly and paid no attention to my lagging steps; afterward I had to hurry to catch up with them. My broad snow-shoes swung about very awkwardly; for though I had practised I was

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still unaccustomed to their use and I now found that I had gone upon the trail almost a stranger to the terrible fatigue of actual snow-shoe travel. It was one thing to walk a mile or so at Quebec with a cup of tea at the end, and quite a different thing to keep up the paces of the trained *voyageur* of the wilderness. Nor did I ever attain anything like their perfect freedom in the use of the broad webs—the free rhythmic swing that seems to be an inheritance of birth and is not to be acquired by any amount of practice.

and above this a pair of very broad snow-shoes and some steel traps hung in a branch. An Indian from the camp had started on the long trail to Lake Mistassini, and had left these provisions for future use.

According to the laws of the wilderness, these caches are never touched by anyone else than their owners, for there is a savage code of honesty in these wilds that prevents any man from meddling with his neighbor's goods.

This was my first real experience of heavy

Semo Mac-nee-call.

Then the last of the rabbit-snares was passed, and with it the end of the beaten trail. It was as though the one little thread was snapped that had bound me to the life I had left behind. We left the creek bed and plunged directly into a thick bush of birch and spruce. Far up the steep ascent we followed the blaze of a winter trail marked on the trunks of the spruce and the birch. Some of the markings were old and almost covered with the spruce gum. Those on the birch were quite fresh and yellow, made by the Indians when they came on their last New Year's visit to the post.

Part way up the hill, I remember, we passed an Indian cache—four fifty-pound bags of flour covered with balsam boughs,

travel. I had many days of it thereafter, but this was the first. I struggled up the trail against the snow in company with the dogs, who were my especial care. The poor animals pulled and tugged and strained and labored. They panted with red, hanging tongues. Their breath froze white on their heads in the gray cold, and from out of this frost looked their eyes, the one spark of black in their white faces. Frequently the sledge runner would catch on a projecting branch, the load would topple and roll over into the deep, unbroken snow, and it was then that one had to plunge into the drifted white and struggle waist-deep to right the sledge and push it back on the hard trail again.

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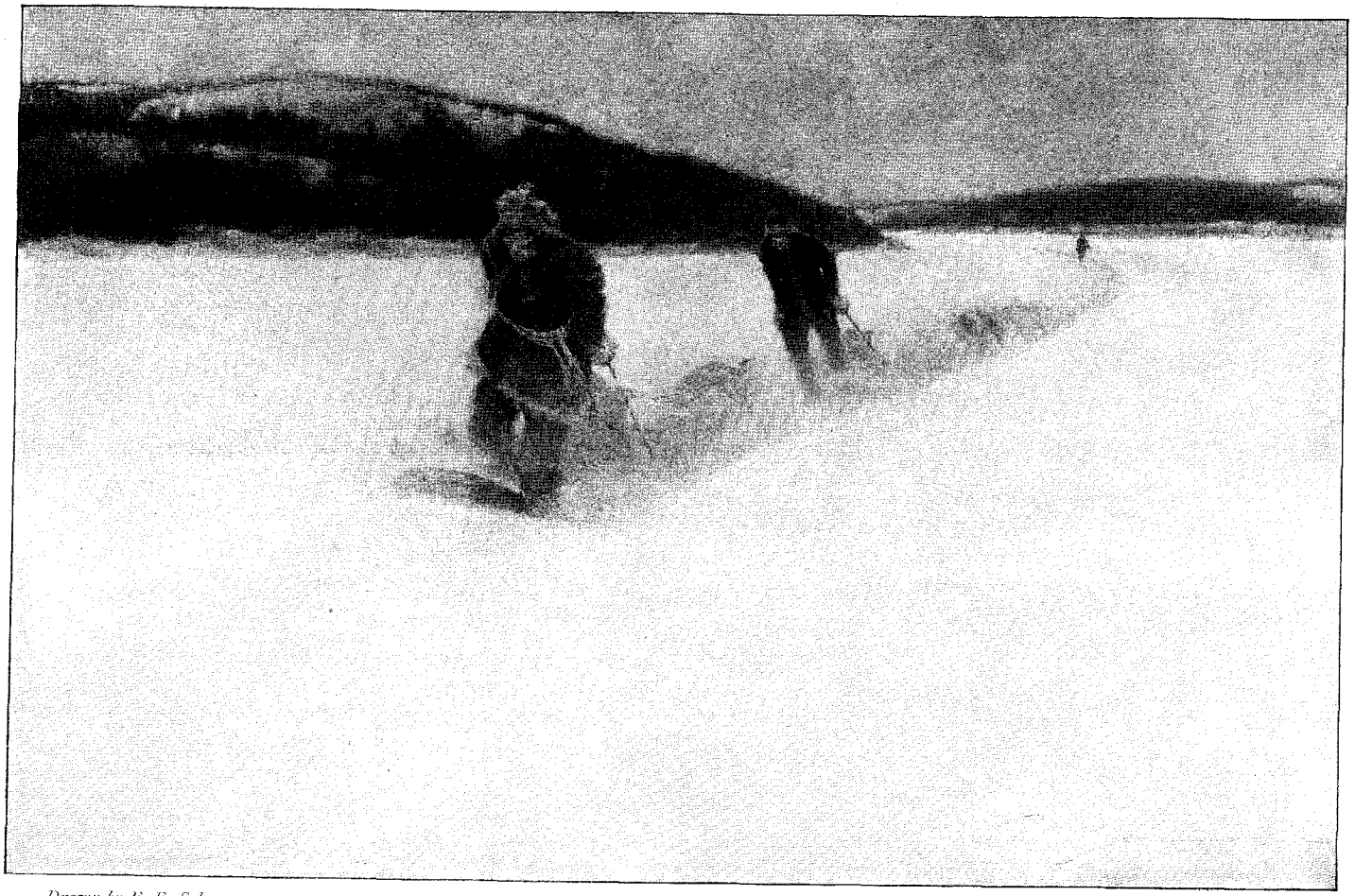

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

Breaking Trail.

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I got one dog up to the top of the hill and saw a frozen lake spread out below me like the palm of a hand. The guides were far, far away—small spots of black against the yellow of the birch, breaking a trail in clouds of snow through the thick bush at the edge of the lake, and I had to go back for the other dog, that I could hear whining down the hill behind me.

This, as I said, was my first experience of heavy travelling—and it happened to be very heavy, indeed. Afterward I became more used to my snow-shoes and was even able to take my turn in breaking trail.

To break trail is to pack with your snow-shoes the soft and uncrusted snow into a more solid path, so that the dogs and the toboggans may be brought forward to where you make camp. Even the snow-shoes, two feet in width, sink a foot or eighteen inches at every step. The snow crumbles and piles in on the top of the web, so that you have to tear each step with a wrench and a kick and a cloud of frozen white. You go forward, you rest, you go forward again, forcing your way laboriously through no one can say how many feet of snow. The weariness enters into the very marrow of your bones. The snow-shoe strap moves back and forth just enough across the moose-hide moccasins to gall the foot to the flesh of the toes, the muscles across the in-step ache with knife-like cuts with every step as you lift the heavy weight of snow that covers the shoe out of sight.

I remember this first day out we stopped midway across the lake to rest. The guides dropped the tump-line from the forehead to their shoulders, cut some tobacco from a plug, rubbed it between their hands, and filled short black pipes. The dogs lay flat on the snow and bit and chewed at the solid lumps of ice that had gathered on the paws. With the handle of my axe I scraped from my snow-shoe the frozen masses of ice that had gathered under my moccasins and were wearing blisters on my feet. We rested here only a few minutes, and then the bitter cold drove us on again, for no man dares to stop long in such a temperature.

This breaking trail is very picturesque to an outside observer. Oftentimes afterward, when, unencumbered, I had gone on ahead, I would stop and turn and watch the guides —black pygmies struggling through the boundless stretch of white, with their heavily loaded toboggans in great clouds of snow. With their shoulders thrust forward and their heads bent to the trail, they would swing along at an even stride across the level expanse of frozen snow, broken only by the thin line of trail stretching behind them off into the distance, and by the many still narrower tracks of the fox criss-crossing here and there on the smooth surface. Then as the men draw nearer, I hear the rasp and the clatter of the snow-shoes sounding more and more distinct in the frigid silence as the broad webs scrape the one across the other; I hear the sharp click of the wooden tail as it strikes the rim of one shoe, slides off and sinks deep in the soft bed of white. The men come nearer in the great whirls of snow, ploughed up and thrown about by the broad snow-shoes, in which they appear as black, unshapen masses. On them, on their backs, even on their fur caps, the snow hung in little forms like mosaics. All about their faces, on the fur caps were halos of frozen breath.

One always stops for dinner at eleven o'clock, which is noon in the northland. The toboggans and sledges are drawn to the edge of the bordering spruce bush. Xavier, the Indian, clears the snow away from the lower branch of a small balsam and upon it hangs the tump-lines to prevent the snow from freezing on the moistened leather. The dogs are loosened; they shake themselves again and again in the very joy of their freedom; they walk around and around, making a little hard bed in the snow. They are very tired—they do not even notice the fresh tracks of a rabbit. I unfasten my axe from the toboggan and fall to work with the guides. No one may stand idle. The clothing, damp from the terrible work of the morning, soon freezes on one's back in the biting air of thirty below. In the shelter of the bush a few yards from the edge of the lake we tramp and pack the snow to a solid level. Many of the spruce-trees are cut and stripped of their branches. The green boughs are thrown in a semicircle on the packed surface and the small trunks are laid close together to prevent the fire melting its way into the snow. Xavier cuts a tall dead tamarack he had "marked" from the lake, and brings the tree down the hill on his shoulder. With one snow-shoe resting on the log and the other sunk deep in the glistening white,

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Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

A rest on the trail.

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he cuts and splits the dry wood into great lengths. Then from a small birch he strips some dry bark and starts a fire.

I bring the frying-pan and some provisions from the toboggans. It is bitter work in the biting cold of the open to unfasten the many strings that hold the loads, but no one thinks of complaining of cold in the wilderness or of listening to complaints. Skene goes well out on the lake and cuts a hole for water,* which he presently fetches, immediately freezing in a pail.

I slip my snow-shoes, scrape the frozen bits of ice from the lacing, and thrust them tail down in the snow. With a little bundle of spruce boughs, I knock off the snow that has caked on the woollen tops of my moccasins and on the capote and sit down on the green boughs in the warmth of the fire and wait for the dinner.

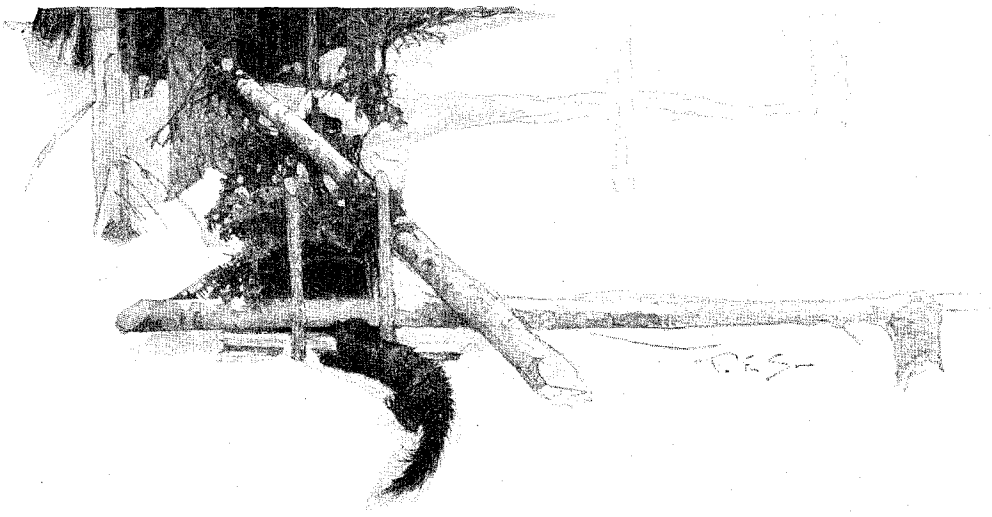
I do not think I should like such food at home, but it is very appetizing there, after a hard morning of breaking trail; a pan of melted lard, a few pieces of fat pork cut from a frozen lump with an axe, a pail of boiled tea, thick and black. But we all gather close about the frying-pan very eagerly, and each of us dips his gillette* into the hot grease, which instantly hardens in the bitter cold. With our knives we spread it and the cold lard thick upon the pieces of gillette and eat with a huge satisfaction, picking the pieces of fat pork out of the pan by way of tidbits. The tin cups are filled many times with the black tea. It is bitter and scalding, but it acts like a tonic upon the tired body.

Such is a dinner cooked in the open of the northern wilderness, and we grew strong and rugged and lusty upon such faring. One day I remember we cooked such a dinner near an old Indian camp. Hanging on a post were nearly a dozen bear-skulls, silvery white against the green. Some tobacco still remained in the skulls, for the hunter as he hangs them up puts some in the nostril sockets. It is for luck and for the trapper who passes without a pipeful. Near by were the smaller bones of the loon and the lynx. As you pass on the trail, you find many such piles of skulls and bones, swinging and rattling in the wind.

You stop walking a little before three o'clock and make camp for the night, which falls entirely dark by four. You make your camp in the shelter of some tall spruce-trees, whose tops lean always toward the south.

*It takes but a little while to do this, for the ice does not freeze in the farther North as it does with us. The weight of the snow upon the first fall freezing causes it to sink. The water oozes through the cracked ice and forms a layer of slush. Then comes another fall of snow and another layer of slush. This alternate formation of ice and slush continues throughout the winter and usually one has only to cut through a thick layer of ice to obtain a supply of half-frozen slushy snow. It answers very well for wilderness cooking.

*Some flour, water and baking soda are mixed together in the sack of flour. Then the lump is taken from the sack, put in the pan and fried. The surface is browned very well indeed, but the inner portion is entirely uncooked, only becoming hard when it freezes while on the trail.



The catch of a fine marten.

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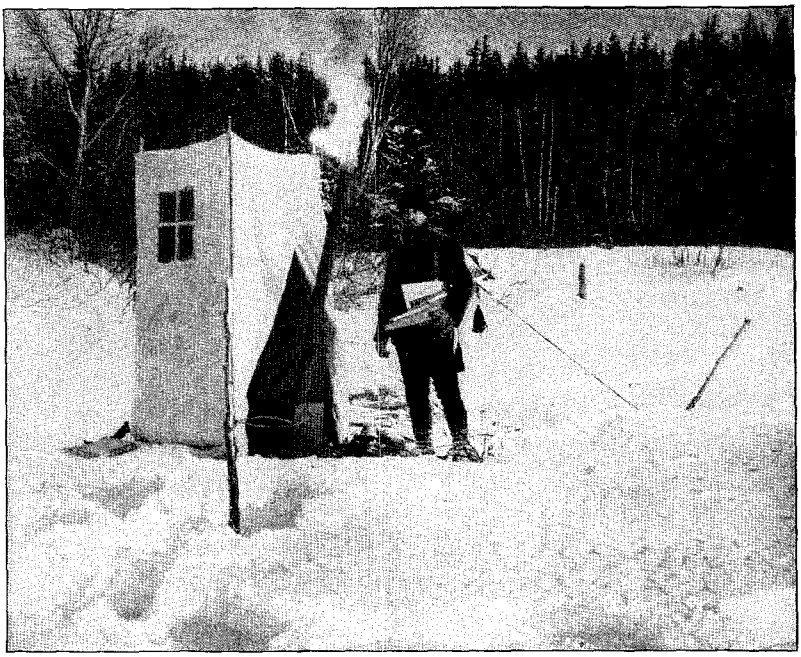

The sketching tent, "The Wabeno."

You pack the snow and spread it deep with green boughs, and by the time you have put up the tent and have unloaded the provisions and belongings it is quite dark. A furious red fire is now blazing in the little sheet-iron stove, and then the terrible cold of the day is forgotten in its warmth and comfort. Your feet feel peculiarly light, and seated on a roll of blankets you light a pipe and watch the preparations for supper with a keen interest. The frying grease smells good and the pail of tea you think will hardly be sufficient for yourself alone. After the supper, Xavier, the cook, maybe sets to work making gillettes for future consumption, and after the gillettes are made and propped up in a row about the stove, the grease left from our own supper is mixed with some flour and fried like the gillettes, and so the dogs' meal is prepared. Indeed the only difference between the dogs' food and our own is that theirs is called pancakes and that ours is called gillettes.

En passant, the dogs are only fed once a day, and I do not think that they ever drink water—at least I never saw our dogs do so.

The northland night is very long and sometimes very lonely, but it is neither too long nor too lonely when the trail has been hard to break. For then the body is very weary and the simple preparations for the night soon follow the eating of supper. The moccasins are removed and the four or five pairs of thick "habitant" woolen socks are hung from the ridge-pole of the tent to dry. The provisions and the sketching materials are piled about the walls of the tent to protect one's head from the bitter air. The Indian and the "breed" spread each a blanket on the bed of green and kneel a moment in prayer, their bowed figures throwing great hunched shadows on the walls of the tent. Then they fold their coats for a pillow and roll up close together in a blanket.

Maybe you sit near the little stove for a while and smoke, but the fire gradually burns low and it grows cold in the tent. The night's allowance of half a candle burns out. A thin layer of ice forms over some tea left from supper. You wrap yourself, head and body, in three heavy blankets, pull a fur cap over your ears, move your swaddled feet to find the warmth of the dog's body. It is six o'clock and dark. Then you are asleep.

One day, an Indian family joined us and we travelled together. Tied on a toboggan

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almost under the high curved bow was a dark bronze baby, wrapped in a rabbit-skin coat. On its head was a cap made of the muskrat skin. In the same bundle with the baby was the family lard and a bag of flour. Besides these burdens, animate and otherwise, were two rabbits and a white ptarmigan, and the gun was securely fastened on the top of the load.

I became quite friendly with these Indians as we ploughed along together. The patriarch's name was Minn-e-goosh and it meant "Little Pine." He told me it had been a bad winter and the fall hunt had not brought him many skins.

His mother was of the party—an old Cree woman of some sixty years—and as we journeyed on we stopped many times upon the trail during the day and waited while she caught up with us.

"It's hard walking for her," I said to Minn-e-goosh.

"Yes," he said, "it's bad for some. The two boys there and the girl do well, but it's hard for an old woman to walk in snow like this." "You are going far?" I asked.

"Yes; about two hundred miles—so—on the St. Maurice"—he pointed—"it's a good place for a hunt."

I can see the poor old squaw now, as she came swinging slowly along the trail to where we were and sat down to rest on one of the loads. In a pouch of red-cloth hanging across her back she carried a little black dog. She took from the same bag some tobacco and filled a pipe. Little white spots had begun to appear on her cheek-bones where they were frozen, so she rubbed them with snow, while we waited and while the men scraped away the ice that had formed upon the iron runners of the sledges and upon the toboggans. Then we started on and she arose and followed us again.

We lived with this Indian family two days, and then our trails separated.

II

THE WINTER HARVESTERS

THE object of my journey was to join company with the wild trappers of the North; to become acquainted with them; to live their life and to learn their manners.

I have already told in another article how the Indians of a camp in which we lived had drawn for us a map of these uncharted and frozen regions upon a Hudson Bay Company's brown paper bag. By means of this map we hoped to find the family camp of a certain trapper named Semo Mac-nee-call.

So we ploughed over the course thus mapped out for us through nine days of hard travel and seventy-five miles of unbroken snow. Then one morning we came upon several dead-falls along a portage—traps that had been set in times past for mink and marten. But they were abandoned and filled with snow and the bait had long since been eaten by the squirrels.

Xavier, who was breaking trail, pointed to them and remarked in a perfectly unconcerned manner, "Semo is not here."

A little beyond these traps and across the lake we came upon the abandoned camp—a few bare tent-poles, a broken iron pot hanging to the branch of a tree, and a pair of old worn-out snow-shoes hanging beside the pot. This was all that was left of Semo Mac-nee-call's camp—all that we found of humanity after that long journey—a desolate empty camp in the midst of a frozen wilderness with night coming on.

The ridge-pole of the tent was inclined to a certain direction and there were some notches cut in the stick. This was full of meaning for Xavier, who read therefrom that Semo had gone to another trapping ground—a nine days' journey in the direction the stick pointed.

So the next morning we began again breaking trail in the direction pointed out by the tent pole.

During the latter part of this last voyage we found that our provisions were growing low, so we stopped several times, and while I sketched* the men set a score or so of rabbit-snares. By means of these catches and the remainder of the provisions, we were just able to make the new camp of Semo in time to avoid the experiences of starvation.

One day about noon we turned a little promontory that thrust out upon the level,

* I had been told that it would be impossible to sketch out of doors in the midwinter Canadian woods, but before getting out from Quebec, I had made a small canvas tent with a glazed folding window.

Whenever I found a picturesque subject I set up my tent, built a fire in a little stove that warmed it within, and sketched through the window, which I kept free of frost by covering it with a solution of glycerine and high-wine. It was quite comfortable sketching in this tent, if you kept the stove red hot.

The Indians called it my 'wabeno' because it looked like those huts in which the Indian conjurers perform their incantations.

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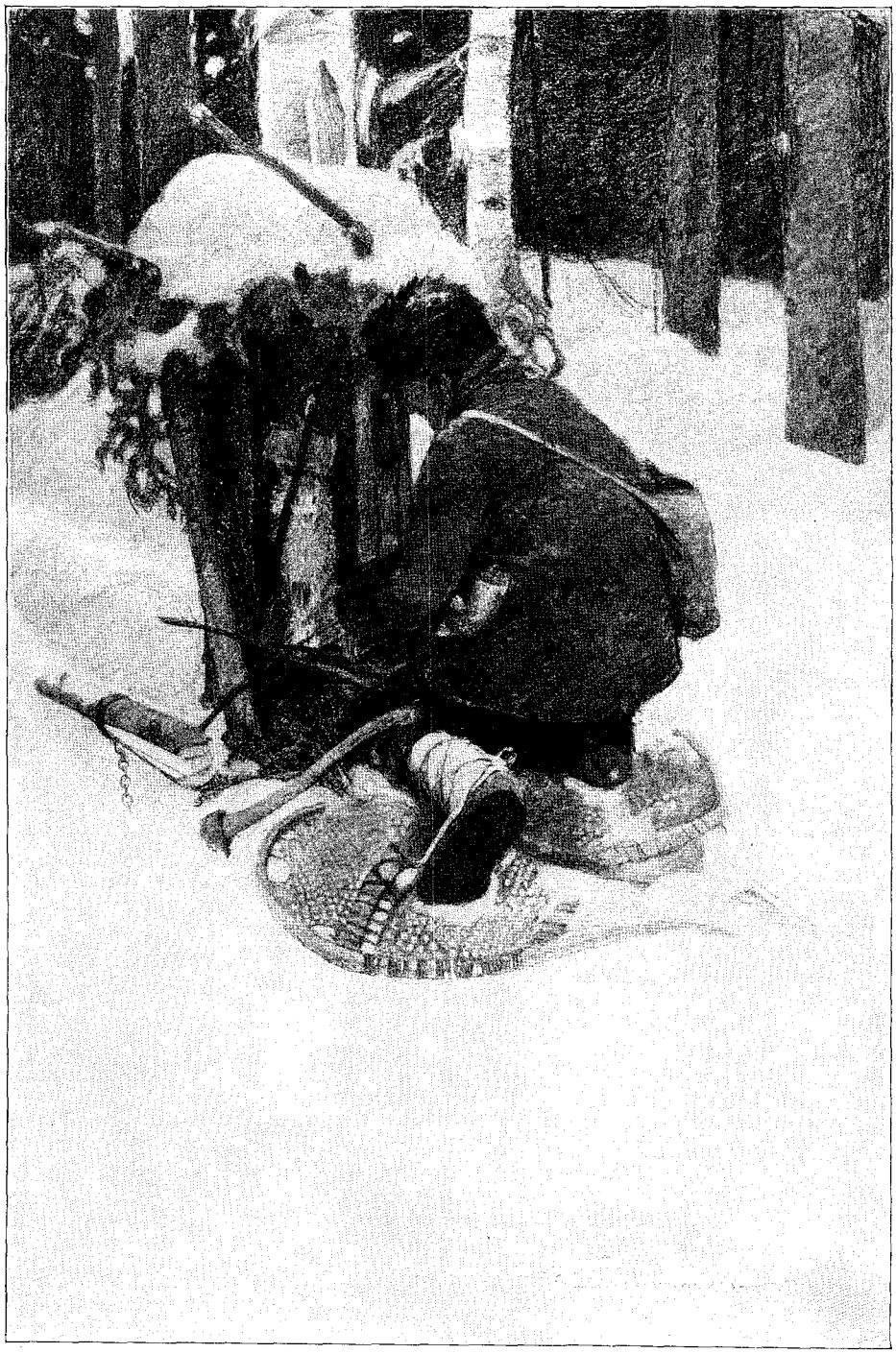

Drawn by F. E. Schoonover.

Building the lynx *cabane.*

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and suddenly there was Semo's camp across the smooth stretch, an eighth of a mile away. It stood upon a wind-swept bluff; three tents, standing clean cut against the white hill behind. The smoke arose straight and thin from the stove-pipes and my heart warmed more than I can say toward this one little cluster of human life found after all these two hundred weary miles of snow. There was not a sign of life to be seen, but as we started across the lake the dogs commenced barking, and in a moment the Indians came pouring out of the tents, and stood upon the bluff and watched our approach.

The three tents belonged to Semo, Semo's brother, and a half-breed named Jerome la Croche. In a little we reached the encampment and Semo and Xavier, who were old friends, welcomed one another.

We stayed in this camp four or five days and I made several sketches. I set up my *wabeno* and the wild folk came and watched me as I worked. One day whilst I was busy sketching some skins and trapping paraphernalia hanging from a rack a boy managed to squeeze inside. He watched me intently, standing so close to the red-hot stove that he singed the cloth tops of his moccasins. He made no comment of any sort and, after a while, he suddenly left and went into one of the tents. Presently he came out and hung very carefully upon the rack another mink-skin and a big trap. Then he came in and watched me again.

One afternoon I paid a visit to Semo's tent. They prepared a place for me and I sat down. Across from where I sat, Semo's old mother, a Cree Indian, was seated on a caribou-skin, making a gill-net for winter fishing in the lakes. As the net grew she wound it about a stake that was driven through the floor of green boughs into the snow beneath. She stopped when I offered her some tobacco and filled a pipe. Then, being of a thrifty disposition, she brought out another blackened bowl from a little bag, filled it also, and put it in the pocket of her blue woolen skirt for future use.

Semo's squaw was skinning a mink and Semo sat and smoked and watched her from the independent height of his superiority. She had fastened the head of the mink to her moccasin with a piece of old ribbon and was stripping off the furry skin. When she had finished her work, she handed the skin to Semo; he inserted two flat sticks and then a third, which, acting as a wedge, stretched the pelt taut and flat. He cut some notches in the sides of the wooden form, pulled down the long furry strips, and fastened the sharp toes in the little cuts. I sat and watched, smoking the while.

It was very pleasant to rest thus in this one little oasis of humanity in all that great white desert, but the weather was cold, and only a little trapping was being done. So we remained only for four or five days before going upon our way.

The next camp we visited was presided over by an ex-chief of the Montagnais Indians, who rejoiced in the Hibernian patronymic of Patrick Cleary. Because of his former greatness among them, the Indians and half-breed trappers looked up to him with immense respect and even veneration. They always addressed him or referred to him as M'sieur or M'ieur Cleary. There were two families in this camp—six people in all. Patrick Cleary told me that I was the first white man who had ever visited his camp in winter. And during the week or two that I was there we became really intimate.

He was a tall, thin man with big bones, and he was very dark even for a half-breed. He was unusually intelligent for a trapper, and better educated than any man I had seen since I had left the post.

Day after day I went with him over the trail examining the traps; I watched him build dead-falls on the snow, and set steel traps in the water. He told me many things of the lore of the wilderness, and even opened his heart concerning his childish superstitions and beliefs. He would stop at my tent in the morning and ask if I would like to go with him over his traps—a journey sometimes of three days. Upon these occasions—companions in the silent wilderness—we would talk very intimately and he would tell me tales of magic and of conjuring mysteries, sometimes by camp-fire, sometimes in the still whiteness of the daytime as we sat smoking together. I half believe he himself was a conjurer, but I did not like to ask him if he were, and he did not volunteer to tell me.

Going the rounds of the traps is a routine that never varies, and yet it possesses an ever-changing interest—the chance of a catch,

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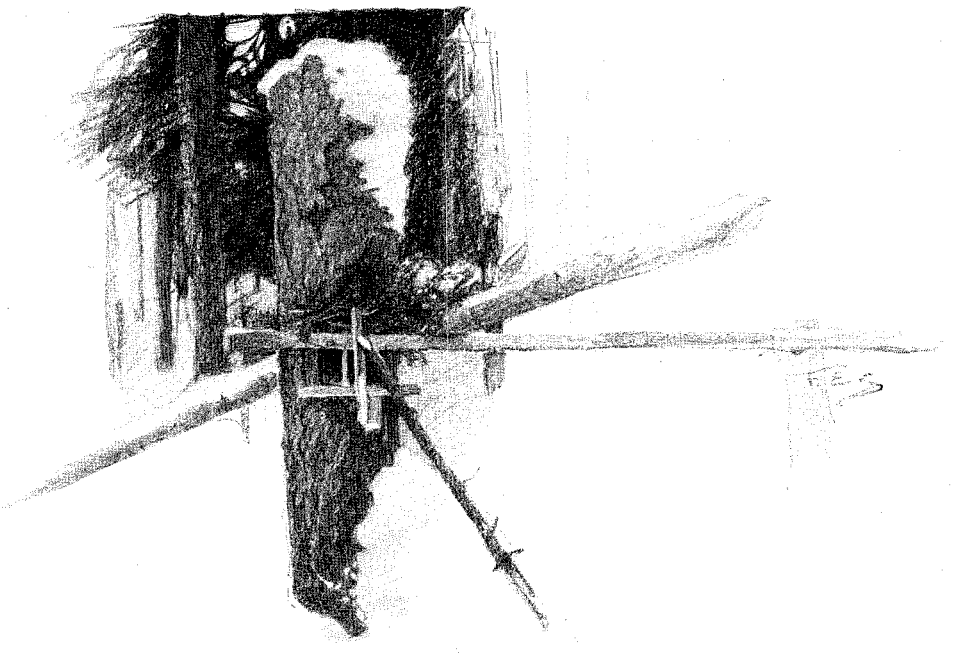

A dead-fall for mink and marten.

ARTIST'S NOTE—This trap is built some three or four feet above the snow in a dead tree. The melting of the snow does not destroy such a dead-fall, so it lasts several years.

the hazards of the wilderness, the constant variations of snow and cold, the wilderness of the solitude perfumed with the ever-pervading odor of spruce and balsam.

How vivid are the impressions of such a day. You are awakened in the bitter darkness of the early morning by the sound of the camp dogs moving among the frozen pails of refuse. You hear their padding footsteps passing this way and that outside of the tents and the brushing of their bodies against the canvas walls. Then you hear the sound of chopping wood where someone is at work in the starlight. One of the men stirs and rises in the darkness. The tent is bitter cold with everything frozen as hard as iron. You hear the man fumbling around in the darkness for the matches, and presently he strikes one and lights a candle, and in the sudden light I see it is Xavier Gill. Presently he begins chopping the wood for the stove and his big round shadow moves uncouthly and grotesquely about the walls as the flame of the candle wavers in the draught of the cold air. He makes a fire, and in a moment the flame is roaring up the stove-pipe, which gradually becomes a dull red with the gushing heat. Gill stands with his back to the stove and presently the other man rises and joins him. Then you yourself move reluctantly in your warm swaddling of furs and with some effort crawl out into the bitter cold and join the others around the stove. None of you speak, but each absorbs the scanty heat in silence. But by and by, warmed to some return of life, you peep out of the tent; the sky is like black crystal, the stars shining with an incredible effulgence. From the stove-pipes of the other tents rockets of flame are gushing up into the air; showers of sparks rise up into the night high over head—hover, waver, and then sink dwindling upon the tent and the surrounding snow. You look at the thermometer hanging against a tree and see by the light of a match that it is forty degrees below zero. By this time the smell of cooking is filling the silent frozen spaces of the darkness and you re-enter the tent to hug again the warmth of the stove with a huge appetite for the rude breakfast of melted grease and gillettes.

The day is just dawning when the tent

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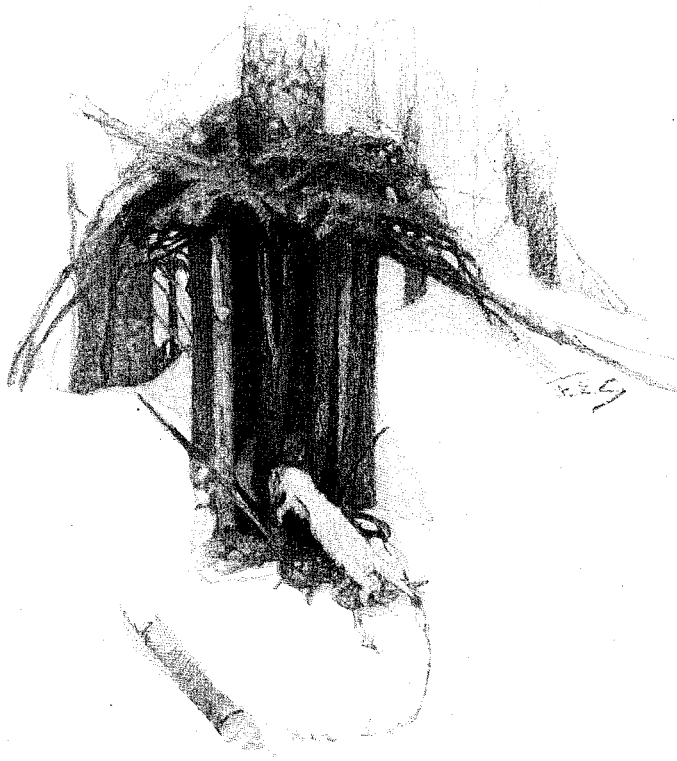
flap is raised and Patrick Cleary's face looks in. He asks if you have had your breakfast and if you are ready to go with him. You join him outside, twist your feet into your snow-shoes, and are off into the early gray of the day with dog and toboggan loaded with the provisions for the voyage.



A weasel caught in a mink trap.

Presently the strong March sun rises and shines on the blinding snow; the dazzling light pierces the eyes like needles and you feel the glow of the sun warm upon your back. By and by you pass from the glittering radiance of the lake into the cold vivid purple shadows of the bush. All about on the frozen white are thousands of little tracks like the veins of a leaf, and the snow is packed hard beneath the lower branches of the spruce, where the rabbits have been feeding.

Just within the bush you come upon the tracks of two otters, ploughed deep across the trail. We followed these tracks; they led over the crest of a hill, down the other side, and finally disappeared in the open water of a very narrow stream. Patrick cuts some stakes and drives them into the creek bottom, leaving an opening in the centre in which he set a trap, fastening the end of the chain to a pole. Always he handles the trap with a little forked stick, never touching his hand to the steel. This trap set, you return to your trail and Patrick blazes a tree, marking the location of the snare.

By and by you find two martens, each frozen as hard as stone in its dead-fall. Each of them is put into a canvas bag which the hunter carries over his shoulder. The traps are set with baits, and you resume your journey.

You go five miles without finding any more catch, and then you stop to rest and to light a pipe.

After a while you find the big clumsy tracks of a lynx; you follow them for a great distance along the bed of a stream, sometimes losing them in the bush, sometimes finding them again. By and by you

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come to a tree, scarred and scratched from the catch of many foregone years. Here Patrick lays aside his bag and unslings his axe; the dog lies down on the snow, panting with lolling tongue, and you take out your pipe, fill it, and set it going.

He builds a trap called a *cabane*. It is like a little house, open in front; the back wall is the tree, the side walls are built of stakes driven into the snow, and the top is roofed over with green balsam boughs. He makes it of both old and green wood and the roof he fashions like the drooping branch of a balsam.

Cleary takes an indescribable something from a wooden bottle—a vile smelling object made from certain parts of the beaver and musk-rat; he rubs it on a piece of birch bark. This he fastens in a splinter of wood and sticks it up in the snow inside the *cabane*. Behind the stick he props up a dead rabbit. He covers the steel trap with the tender ends of the spruce and fastens the chain to a heavy pole. He builds eight of these traps along the river and you watch him and smoke.

It is noon by now. Cleary makes a fire and boils some tea and you eat a dinner of cold lard and gillettes. Then you smoke and talk and smoke again.

Such is the way these wild half-savage folk of the North gather their winter harvest. All about them is the frozen solitude and the breath of the wilderness enters so into their every fibre that I believe they would pine and die like the wild creatures of the woods and streams if they were transplanted from their native desolation to a wider and fuller life. I lived that life for only about two weeks, but I think of it now over and over again when I am by myself, and it will never cease to be a vital part of my memory.

When I quit the camp of Cleary I turned my face once again toward the civilization from which I had emerged, to leave behind me all that rude, free, untrammelled existence.

The last person I saw was Patrick Cleary. We were well out on the lake where the trail turned sharply, and I stopped for a last look at the camp I was leaving. On the bank, quite above the lake, was an Indian, a black silhouette against the white hill. I waved him a good-by. He raised his hand, held it so a moment, then turned toward his tent. Then the bend of the trail hid the camp and the thread that had bound me to a half-savage life and a half-savage people was cut in twain.

"SAID LOVE TO THE YOUNG KNIGHT"

By Theodore Roberts

Said Love to the young knight: "I am the spur and the prize.
"I am the hand of thy 'squire and the light in thy lady's eyes.
I am the force of thy arm that is more than of sinew and bone.
I am the favor of Arthur smiling down from his throne.

"I am the spirit of Christ, white and high as a star.
I am the crown of Mary, outlashing the helmets of war.
I am courage, and peace—valor and gentleness.
I am the master of pride and the servant of distress."

Said Love to the young knight: "I am the humble task.
"I am the high adventure behind the visored mask.
I am the fire of youth that fails not with the years.
I am the master of passion and comforter of tears."

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WEBSTER AND CALHOUN IN THE COMPROMISE DEBATE OF 1850

By George P. Fisher

IT was my good fortune to spend a short time in Washington a few days after Webster delivered his famous Seventh-of-March speech. My companion in this visit was a classmate of mine, Mr. E. B. Stoddard, who resided in Worcester, where I had lived for a while after graduation. Stoddard was a law student in the office of Mr. John C. B. Davis. We were both eagerly interested in the great conflict in the national capital and in the country at large—a conflict in which Clay's compromise measures had so conspicuous a place. The incidents of our stay in Washington that are worth recalling are not numerous. One of them is most vividly remembered. I was present when Calhoun spoke for the last time on the floor of the Senate—and there were few more interested listeners to his speech—to be followed so soon by his farewell to life. If I have not many stirring events to recount, some comments on occurrences and persons who figured prominently will possibly be a not unwelcome concomitant.

Naturally, soon after we arrived at the capital we met Senator John Davis, of Worcester, Mr. Webster's colleague. Mr. Davis was Governor of Massachusetts for several terms and represented the State with distinction in both houses of Congress. Governor Davis merited the epithet frequently linked to his name, *Honest* John Davis. He was deemed to be possessed of an unusual store of common sense. He is warmly commended for his ability and traits of character by Mr. R. C. Winthrop, who attributes to him "that sort of wisdom—which the good book says dwells with prudence."* He was a sagacious politician and, along with Truman Smith, of Connecticut, was considered to have been very influential in securing the nomination by the Whigs of General Taylor for the Presidency—an achievement that for a period tended to chill in a measure the sympathy of the two Massachusetts Senators with one another.

Governor Davis had a kind heart, was plain in his ways, and not anxious for verbal precision in every-day talk. When Dickens came to New Haven, in company with Professor Felton of Harvard, he showed his fancy for noting slips in language by saying to President, then Professor, Woolsey that Governor Davis, whom he had met on the journey, had remarked to him that "the weather was *hash*." This reminiscence of Dr. Woolsey at our club, which was composed in good part of Yale professors, recalls the frank verdict with which he closed a brief criticism of the manners of the distinguished tourist: "In short, I thought him a vulgar fellow."

Stoddard—Colonel Stoddard, to use the title which he wore in later life—and I questioned the Governor as to the state of feeling in Washington. Did he partake of the apprehension that the struggle in Congress was a prelude to approaching Disunion? He replied, with a smile: "No, it is a broad country, stretching far away to Oregon; nobody looks for it to break in two except, perhaps, Calhoun, who may expect it—he has brooded so long on the subject." The Governor proposed to take us to see President Taylor. We were cordially received in the President's Room. He was plainly and neatly dressed, with his trousers held down, after a fashion of the day, by straps passing round the soles of his shoes. He talked easily on ordinary topics that happened to be broached. Alluding to the table-fare that one found in Washington, he mentioned, by the way, that "corn-bread" was with him a favorite dish. Perhaps it was this topic that led him to touch on circumstances in his experience in the Mexican War. One thing under this head lodged in my memory. The Mexican troops, he said, were very poorly fed; so poorly that "at Monterey the bodies of their slain were so thin that the birds wouldn't eat 'em!"

*"Memoir of Winthrop," p. 166.

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It was not to be expected that in such an interview he would dilate on political matters, but we were impressed with the simplicity and sincerity which were combined in him with vigor and decision as truly in conversation as in action.

Later we called on Mr. Crittenden, the Kentucky Senator, so long a devoted friend and ally of Clay, and himself filling successively high offices with credit. He was extremely affable and genial in his manners. The habit of chewing tobacco was unfortunately too obvious. He talked to us with warm interest, but in gentle tones, in favor of the compromise. "*Reformers*," he said, "always have to yield something; even old Luther made some concessions." He did not gratify me by mentioning instances.

As will be readily supposed, my friend and I were not slow in making our way to the Senate Chamber—the old Senate Chamber, the historic distinction of which, as the arena of statesmen, was to be much enhanced by the scenes in the memorable debate then in progress. The three great actors, Clay, Webster and Calhoun, attracted attention beyond all others. Yet there were other members, among them Chase and Seward, who were on the stepping-stone of the renown fully attained later. Benton, a veteran in congressional experience, was there, ready to discharge his arrows against the State rights theory of Calhoun, or to interchange with Foote, of Mississippi, words of contempt and defiance.

Clay, when he returned to the Senate, was in a state of physical decline, but he had addressed that body with his wonted power to enchain attention, in behalf of his scheme of pacification. I had seen Clay and heard his voice at Newport, in the hotel where he welcomed visitors, and had been struck with his engaging manners. But now I heard his clarion tones—even now aptly so styled—in one of the short speeches in defence of the policy which he was anxious to convert into the law of the land. Webster had made his great speech, and it was some time before he once more spoke at length in the debate. But as he sat in his chair the impressive dignity of his appearance availed to absorb the attention of spectators. But with all the fascination felt by young men from the presence of the two great leaders just mentioned, there was that in Calhoun, in his looks and in the circumstances that surrounded him, which stirred in me a deeper feeling. It was known to all and was suggested in his appearance, notwithstanding his erect form, that he was near the end of his long career. One felt, moreover, however one might dissent from his political creed, that, in his case, personal ambition, however alive in him in his youth and middle life, was now extinguished. I did not then recall, but there is no reason to distrust the truth of, his declaration in the Senate two years before: "For many a long year, Mr. President, I have aspired to an object far higher than the presidency; that is, doing my duty under all circumstances, in every trial, irrespective of parties, and without regard to friendship or enmities, but simply in reference to the prosperity of the country."

As he sat in his wonted seat on the 13th of March, nothing in his looks or demeanor discovered to lookers-on the thoughts within. His eyes, perfectly calm, yet not for an instant abating their vigilance, made one feel that nothing in the range of his vision could elude his perception. The opponents of Calhoun, in this debate, as on other occasions, complained that he was prone to deal in abstractions and to shape his views of public policy on reasonings of that nature. This mental habit was perhaps referred to by Dr. Lieber, who once said to me that Calhoun had a "Calvinistic mind." He had evinced his force in repartee on the occasion when he met a reproach of this sort by answering that so *right* and other things of supreme worth are abstractions. He had espoused the dogma that the United States Government is "federal, not national"* —instead of holding with Madison even (in the *Federalist*), that it is "neither a national nor a federal system, but a composition of both." In the course of his speculations he had come to discard altogether democratic ideas in political science. He said of "the prevalent opinion that all men are born free and equal" that "nothing can be more unfounded and false."† In order to prevent abuses by numerical majorities, government must be subject to majorities not of individuals, but of "*classes*" or "*interests*." His theory of republicanism ceased to be American and was converted into the Roman-Latin type. It was one corollary

* "Disquisition on Government" (ed. 1851), pp. 87, 112.
† *Ibid.*, p. 57.

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in his convictions that the two sections of the American Union, the slave-holding and the non-slave-holding, must be kept in an "equilibrium." If not, better for the South that the Union should cease to be. Hence the Constitution must be so recast that the administration of public affairs must be made to take on a *dual* form. Without such a radical amendment, he held, there was no hope of salvation for the Union, and there ought to be none. It was consonant with the spirit of his mature political tenets that he declared slavery to be a good thing in social organization. His elaborate exposition of his views was given in his speech on March 4th, which, owing to his physical weakness, Mason, of Virginia, read for him. He maintained that Clay's measure could not save the Union from a rupture. When, on the 13th, Calhoun rose in his place to address the Senate for the last time, Cass, representing Michigan in the Senate, had already delivered the first half of a long speech. In it leading theories of Calhoun were assailed. Now, Calhoun expressed regret that the state of his health did not permit him fully to enter into the argument. He must economize, he said, his words as well as his strength. Cass interposed with the request that he should wait until his own speech should be completed, promising to go on with it on the morrow. Calhoun declined the request. "I do not know," he observed, "that an opportunity will then be afforded me of saying what I desire to say upon this point"—a constitutional amendment. No doubt he was conscious how precarious was his hold upon life. Amid the death-like silence and rapt attention of the assembly that filled the Senate Chamber he proceeded to comment on the position taken by Cass. The Senator, he said, has *one* of two modes of saving the Union, and I *another*. *His* whole course has been a course of *palliatives*. This word was uttered with strong emphasis—the ictus being on the first syllable. "And, sir," it was added, "of all courses *that* is the worst—one might as well treat a cancer that is striking into a vital part with palliatives as to treat this question with palliatives." After proceeding for a time, he paused, and casting a glance at the skirts of the outer coat which he wore, in a low tone he adverted to it as furnishing a reason (as being, perhaps, too thin) why he should now have to close. He retired at once from the Senate Chamber, which he never entered again. In the sick-room he grew more and more feeble until, on the 31st of March, he breathed his last.

Among the many eulogies that followed upon his death, the address of Webster to the Senate on April 1st was marked by a generous laudation of the personal traits of one whose political faith was, in cardinal points, the antipode of that of the speaker, who spoke of him now with heartfelt respect and even affection. It referred to Calhoun's last speech in the Senate—to his appearance then, "his form still erect," his "clear tones," his "impressive," and even "imposing" manner. "There was not one of us," said Webster, "who did not feel that we might imagine that we saw before us a Senator of Rome, when Rome survived." Whatever may be thought of Calhoun's political theories, as to his private virtues there can be only an approving judgment. As to his genius, he is to be reckoned as one of the four great American statesmen of that epoch—the other three being Clay, Webster, and John Quincy Adams. Touching a few others, including Seward, there does not exist the same unanimity in according to them a place in the category of truly great statesmen. There are critics of repute who have like misgivings, with hardly less ground for hesitation, respecting Clay, albeit justly extolled as an orator and political leader.

The mingled or alternate grief and wrath excited in New England and in other Northern States by the Seventh-of-March speech of Webster, the sinking of heart experienced, as well as the bitter denunciation evoked, are hardly comprehensible save to those who fully understand the depth of admiration which his unmatched eloquence had spread far and wide, and the lustre of his public career, including all that he had said and done for the cause of enlightened freedom and on behalf of the sound interpretation of the Constitution against Southern pleas adverse to its true purport. As far back as 1820 his commemorative address at Plymouth contained a powerful philippic against the slave trade.* Then his eloquence moved John Adams to write to him that "Burke is no longer to be called the greatest of modern orators," and led

* Works of Webster, vol. i, p. 45.

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George Ticknor, who had been lately conversant with living orators of eminence abroad, to declare that never before in his life had he been so excited by public speaking. Webster's Bunker Hill oration in 1825 formed an epoch in the advance of his fame, which reached the acme through the consummate ability shown in the speeches in answer to Hayne. The height of the pedestal on which he stood was afterward felt to be something amply deserved. The majesty of Webster's looks,

> Whom the rich heavens shall so endow
> With eyes of power and Jove's own brow,

of itself inspired the feeling, to use Milton's well-known phrase, that he was in truth "a pillar of state."

It was after a season of seclusion in Marshfield—whither he retired after the nomination of General Taylor, as Achilles retired to his tent, and when he came to Worcester to deliver a speech in favor of the candidate—that I saw him pass with stately tread through the dense throng gathered of an evening in a spacious hall to hear him, and heard one say to another in an audible whisper, "Just look at him!"

Such impressions were not confined to New England, or to this side of the Atlantic. Wherever Webster went he was one

> Whom no one met at first
> But took a second and wondering look,

In England his person, his manners, and his intellectual traits elicited glowing tributes of admiration from Anglican sources most worthy of respect. By Sydney Smith his form and aspect were lauded in a homely simile characteristic of the author's wit. Such men as Henry Hallam, not given to extravagance, expressed an unstinted admiration. Carlyle was generally not indisposed to utter cynical comments on things and persons American. To him Webster seemed a "parliamentary Hercules," besides being "a dignified, perfectly bred man."* The honor, partaking almost of awe, with which schoolboys in Massachusetts in the forties regarded him and recited extracts from his speeches can be realized only by those of them who still survive. His writings remain to attest the power as well as the purity and simplicity of his style. We often hear now praise of what is termed his Saxon vocabulary. A mistake is here implied. Webster was conversant with, and used with unsurpassed effect, the Saxon side of the English vocabulary. His style, however, was much enriched by the Latin contents of our English tongue, which he interwove with not less propriety and effect. A single sentence or two from one of the Hayne speeches—a sentence which I happen to recall—is a not unfair sample of the linguistic character of his ordinary style. It will be seen how large is the proportion of the Latin derivations. For the convenience of the reader they are printed here in italics: "The *eulogium pronounced* by the *honorable gentleman*, on the *character* of the *State* of South Carolina, for her *Revolutionary* and other *merits*, meets my hearty *concurrence*. I *claim part* of the *honor*, I *partake** in the pride of her great names."

When copies of the Seventh-of-March speech were scattered abroad in myriads in the Northern States, not alone former devotees of Webster, but a multitude besides, were ready to brand it as a desertion of principle, and in not a few instances to add such epithets as "base" and "unprincipled." In later days we have witnessed the incoming and spread of a reversal or an essentially mitigated verdict. Even Whittier and Emerson felt bound to speak in a much milder tone. In the pathos of Whittier's "Lost Occasion" we detect the impress of a softened judgment. Senator George F. Hoar lived to reverse his youthful sentence of condemnation. Mr. John T. Morse, as we see in his edition, the second of Lodge's "Life of Webster," and that fair-minded critic, Mr. Andrew D. White, are enrolled in the growing list of discerning students of our history who acquit Webster of selfish motives or intent. In the list of votes cast by the chosen electors for candidates for the Hall of Fame in New York University, when Washington received ninety-seven votes, Lincoln and Webster each had ninety-six. Especially worthy of respect is the discussion of Mr. J. F. Rhodes, who, in the first volume of his history, reviews the course of Webster with the signal impartiality which is a characteristic merit of his work. Not without discrimination he has yet redeemed the reputation of Webster, as Webster had once redeemed the reputation of Alexander Hamilton from undeserved disparagement.

* Rhodes, i, 139, 140; Whittier, iv, p. 64.

* A word imitative of the Latin.

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The accusation brought against Webster was that he forsook his antislavery principles in order to win the favor of the South, and that his aim was to secure for himself the presidency. The charge was that his course in reference to the fugitive-slave question, and to the other legislative measures embraced in the compromise, was dictated by these unworthy incentives. That he was profoundly desirous of composing the differences between the two sections of the republic, the North and the South, admits of no doubt. If there is any question at issue, it concerns his motive and the means he used. The question is not whether the course which he took was in all particulars wise. The point is whether his course evinced a disregard of conscience under the spur of selfish ambition. A candid attention to the contents of the Seventh-of-March speech, and to Webster's conduct in his official capacity during that crisis in public affairs, warrants a negative answer. After the congressional conflict was over, Mr. Giddings, the antislavery champion, published the statement that before the delivery of his speech Webster had conferred with him and told him that in the great dispute he should take ground the opposite of that which he actually took.* It occurred to the present writer, in view of these imputations, to ask Mr. Robert C. Winthrop, in whose knowledge and trustworthiness as a witness he had absolute confidence, if averments of this character were entitled to credence. The main parts of Mr. Winthrop's letters in reply are here furnished to the reader. It will be seen that Mr. Winthrop, much as he admired and honored Mr. Webster, did not in this period entirely harmonize with him. He never believed him, however, to be dishonest or warped by an unbridled craving for self-advancement.

BOSTON, 25 Feb'y, 1884.

DEAR PROF. FISHER,

Yours of the 23d inst. reached me this morning. I remember having seen the statement to which you refer in a Newspaper not long ago. But I never heard of it before. If it rests on the authority of Mr. Giddings, I should require other evidence.† Without impeaching the veracity of Mr. Giddings, I have had ample reason for discrediting his testimony. If I can lay my hand on a copy, one of these days, I will send you a Speech of my own, delivered in Congress about a fortnight before the 7th of March, 1850, in which I had occasion to convict him of misstatement in regard to myself. He was not a person to be relied on for accuracy, where his prejudices were involved. The Speech to which I refer will be found at page 630 of the 1st vol. of my Addresses & Speeches, under the title of "personal vindication." Webster called at my door to congratulate me on that Speech. The next day I was called home to Boston, owing to the critical illness of a Sister, & did not get back to Washington until the afternoon of the 6th of March. I was thus absent during the ten days or a fortnight immediately preceding the famous 7th of March Speech. I saw Webster for a few minutes in the evening before his delivery of it, but he was too much engrossed with his preparations to hold any extended converse with me. I heard the Speech the next day with surprise. But I had not been in the way of knowing what consultations he had had with Giddings,—if any,—on one side, or with Southern gentlemen on the other. There were many rumors as to the influence upon him of Toombs & Stephens & others. But I never heard of the Giddings incident until recently. I could not altogether agree with Webster at that time, but I did what I could to mitigate the severity of his condemnation at the North. Some change seemed to have been wrought upon him, but I have always been unwilling to associate it with "tergiversation or insincerity." I send you a copy of my little Address at New York, in 1876, on the unveiling of his Statue in Central Park, in which there is an allusion to my differences from him. I have always regretted some parts of his course at that period, & do not think they contributed to the peace of the Country.

Yours, respy. & truly,
ROBT. C. WINTHROP.

PROF. GEO. P. FISHER, D.D.

BOSTON, 12 March, 1884.

DEAR PROFESSOR FISHER,

Soon after receiving your most kind note of the 26th ult., I had occasion to go to New York for a few days. In turning over my papers since my return, I have found the inclosed old proof sheet of my remarks on Webster at the Banquet on his Centennial Birthday.* It is at your service to read & destroy, or to destroy without reading. It is supplementary to the Address in Central Park, of which you speak so kindly.

I owe it to frankness to say that the more I reflect on the 7th of March, 1850, the more I regret that Webster said some things in the way he said them, & omitted to say some things in the way he might have said them. The larger part of that Speech, was, I think, prepared before he had decided precisely to what conclusions he would come, & would have served as well for one side of the question as for the other. And, even after the Speech was made, I think, I have reason for thinking, that he intended to fall in to the support of Genl. Taylor's policy, as I have done. But the violence with which he was denounced at the North, & the ferocious assaults of the Abolitionists in the West, made him angry, & impelled him to stand at bay & defy them. Meantime Genl.

* In his History of the Rebellion (1866), p. 323, the language of Giddings is more indefinite: "He" (Webster) "had given antislavery members of Congress to understand that he would sustain their doctrines." That Mr. Giddings erred is the decision of Rhodes.

† Vol. i, p. 149, and n. and p. 158.

* Banquet of the Marshfield Club.

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Taylor died, & his death, in my judgment, had more to do with the course of events, as gradually developed, than even the 7th of March Speech.

I have always desired to put the best Construction on Webster's utterances & to shield him from unworthy imputations.

No one exceeds me in admiration of his powers, & few exceeded me, for a long course of years, in attachment to him personally.

Yours, respy. & truly,
ROBT. C. WINTHROP.

PROF. GEO. P. FISHER.

A vital peculiarity of Clay's plan was the combining of a number of distinct proposals into *one*, the passage of each to be conditioned on the passage of the others along with it. California was to be admitted into the Union with its constitution excluding slavery, but governments were to be simultaneously established by Congress in the Territories ceded by Mexico, with no such exclusion in the congressional acts. Certain regulations, moreover, were to be enacted respecting slavery in the District of Columbia, and likewise more stringent legal means of securing in the North the return of fugitive slaves. General Taylor's plan was for the immediate admission of California, as a measure by itself, leaving each of the other points in dispute to be dealt with separately at an appropriate time. A number of weeks before the 7th of March, Webster, whom Clay consulted, told him that he should support for substance his scheme, without, however, engaging to go for all its particulars. Mr. Winthrop strongly favored General Taylor's scheme. The various items of evidence on Webster's attitude respecting the President's policy it appears at first not easy to harmonize. More than six weeks before the Seventh-of-March speech, Mr. Winthrop understood Webster to be in accord with his approval of it. The next day after the speech was delivered, in a conversation with Mr. Winthrop, Webster told him that he had omitted all allusion to it for want of time and because he was intending to make a distinct speech in favor of it, and that he had thought of writing to the President to explain this to him.* Shortly after Clay introduced his resolutions Webster told Mr. Winthrop that he had not pledged himself to sustain Clay's resolutions, but was revolving the subject in his mind, and that he thought well of the general drift of the President's policy. Such was then his mood that he was "unable to see the necessity of attempting to organize territorial governments in New Mexico and Utah." After the Senate Committee had reported the Compromise Bill, Webster, in his speech on July 17, 1850, said that Taylor's plan proposed to admit California, and for the present to stop. Webster says that he "had deemed it indispensable to make some provision for the Territories either in one bill or in separate bills; that he had been indifferent which—except," he added, "that, as a matter of expediency, it was and has been my opinion, from the beginning, that it would have been better to have proceeded measure by measure.* With occasional fluctuations in his preferences on this particular topic, the data, taken together, appear to indicate that while he deemed it the wise course not to leave the case of the Territories unsettled, he had no partiality for the linking of the several measures in one legislative act. He said, in the speech of the 17th, that it was and had been his fixed conviction that Congress should not separate "without having made a suitable provision" for the government of the Territories.†

In passing a judgment on Webster's course in this momentous conflict, the main thing to be considered is the actual contents of his Seventh-of-March speech itself. The first and chief point is this: Did he cast aside his old-established convictions on the crucial question of the extension of slavery? What can be more definite than the following words in the speech? "Wherever there is a substantive good to be done, wherever there is a foot of land to be prevented from becoming slave territory, I am ready to assert the principle of the exclusion of slavery." He had given, he declared, numerous pledges so to do, "and," he declared, "I will perform those pledges." But he would not fasten the Wilmot proviso on New Mexico and Utah, because he believed that there was no need of it. On the territorial question that was brought in by the Mexican War, which Webster had opposed, as he opposed also the sanction of the treaty of peace that ceded the Territories, the material for the contest, he hoped at first that a sectional conflict would not spring up, since the admission of California was the only

* Memoir of Winthrop, p. 113.

* Webster's Works, vol. v, p. 414.

† In one place he professes to have told the President that he was "for one general and final adjustment of all the questions" ("Memoir of Winthrop," p. 153).

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question of "practical importance."* There was no danger that slavery could gain an entrance into the Territories. Physical geography had settled this beyond doubt or chance of revocation. Whether right or wrong, this was Webster's fixed belief. Hence he affirmed that he would put in the acts of Congress no proviso that would be construed as a taunt or reproach, and would have no effect except to wound the pride of Southerners. His idea was that they would resent a fling at their "peculiar institution" inserted in a legislative act for no tangible object.

In the next afternoon after the Seventh-of-March speech Webster sat in conference with Mr. Winthrop for a half-hour. He told Mr. Winthrop that he had been at work on a revision—that he had inserted one or two passages which he had omitted "in the hurry of delivery." One of these was under the head of the grievances complained of in the North. It referred to the imprisonment in the South of colored seamen from the North, and embraced the indignity suffered at Charleston by the Messenger of Massachusetts, the venerable Samuel Hoar, the father of the late Senator Hoar.

Webster's confident opinion that New Mexico and Utah were in reality practically inaccessible to slavery was supported by competent judges of the soil and climate and by concurrent circumstances, and it was confirmed by the subsequent facts of history. If his purpose to avoid the wanton irritation of sensitive combatants on one side in a great conflict in our national history was not culpable, if he was at least honest in his view of the matter, who has a right to denounce him for it? Next to the criticism of Webster just adverted to, and perhaps even more obnoxious, was the course pursued by him in regard to legislation for the rendition of fugitive slaves. On this subject it cannot be a ground of just reproach that he undertook to state the grievances that each of the two sections complained of. What inconsistencies with the Constitution, the organic law binding on both, were alleged on each side? This was the inquiry. Webster was a constitutional lawyer, and he could not, without stultifying himself, exercise the function of an arbiter and ignore the provisions of the Constitution on this matter. He expressed the opinion that it belonged—properly belonged—to the States to enact laws to carry out these provisions, but, he said, the Supreme Court had decided otherwise. He could not, in discussing the terms of pacification, shut his eyes to notorious efforts of various sorts at the North to hinder the pledges in the Constitution from being complied with. It should be remembered to his credit that he maintained that the fugitive "ought [in the State where he was arrested] to have a jury trial in case he denied owing service to the claimant." This was in the Fugitive Bill introduced by himself on June 3, 1850. He said that if he had been in the Senate when Mason's bill passed, he should have moved as a substitute his own bill having in it this provision. It is true that he thought the passage of Mason's bill a less evil than the defeat of the compromise settlement. No doubt he is responsible for this conviction. Whether he was right or wrong, and if he erred, the question is, was he sincere in this judgment? It requires no stretch of candor or of charity to believe that he was.

The longer the discussion was kept up in Congress and out of it, and the more vehement it became, the stronger became the apprehension of Webster that later, if not sooner, it would develop into a heated conflict and possibly a movement in the South for division, of which at the outset he had not had so serious a fear. After the inauguration of General Taylor (March 5, 1849), resolutions of Southern States and communications sent by Southern delegates in Congress—acting under the auspices, as their main leader, of Calhoun—to their constituents, and the organization, on the other side, of the Free-Soil Party in the North "on an antislavery basis," there ensued in the country—it is not strange that Webster so felt—a crisis "of a formidable character." As I have said elsewhere,* "on the whole, in judging of Mr. Webster's speech, the question to be decided is whether at that particular juncture in our national history a pacifying element, a palliative, was or was not on the whole desirable; whether it was or was not the fit occasion for the great Northern leader to assume such a tone and take such a position as would have rallied and combined the opponents of slavery

*Edward Everett, "Biographical Memoir of Webster," Works of Webster, vol. i, p. clvii.

* *Yale Review*, vol. ii, p. 127.

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extension and the cognate measures of the slave power, and would have raised their ardor and determination to a higher pitch. Possibly the hour has not even yet arrived for history to deliver on this question its final verdict." He did not share in the idea, more or less prevalent in antislavery circles in the North, that zealous partisans in the South would never engage in, or, as some averred, could not be driven into, an overt attempt to dissolve the Union or even to take up arms against laws enacted for its defence. Webster judged better on this point than not a few of his contemporaries then, and better than many more Northerners imagined even on the verge of the Civil War. The secret of Webster's deprecation of further antislavery agitation in the North and of the disfavor that he expressed for the abolition societies need not be ascribed to a thirst for high public office. It was not a mercenary spirit, not a vulgar personal ambition prompting him to fling away sincere beliefs. It deserves a better name. It was rather an intense patriotism, and the vital element that in him had characterized it from the outset of his public career. He could not think of disunion as anything short of a heart-breaking disaster. Apart from personal emotion, he had not a shadow of a doubt that the Union of the States was the one indispensable safeguard of republican government among us. He had not acquired a liking for the institution of slavery. He would not yield to slavery an inch beyond its constitutional limits. But the evil of slavery, in the exigency that had arisen, might be outstripped by an evil more to be dreaded, carrying in it no hope of deliverance. Surely he may have conceived it possible that new alleviations, new remedies, the revival of the views on the subject which, as he pointed out in his speech, even Virginia statesmen of renown in the olden times had cherished and avowed, might appear. "While the Union endures," he had the courage—or, some may think, the folly—to believe that "all else of trial and calamity which can befall a nation may be remedied or borne."* Is it not more reasonable and vastly more charitable to attribute to him the heartfelt persuasion that the wreck of the American Union, as the result of chronic intestine discord, would be incomparably the greater evil of the two, and would be the precursor of anarchy and other intolerable calamities. Thus believing, was it ignoble in him to try to find a basis on which the North and the South, the two great divisions of the republic, could live together in peace?

It cannot be denied that in the Seventh-of-March speech the moral disapproval of slavery that had taken root in the Northern States was not set forth with an emphasis commensurate with the fact. The hearer and the reader were not compelled to realize the depth and prevalence of that feeling, nor were the consequences, not to be staved off by political devices, dwelt upon. A reason may be found in the pacific aim of the speech.

Those who felt most aggrieved by derogatory expressions in the Seventh-of-March speech applied to the abolition societies often seemed oblivious of the fact that it was not the fruit of an alteration of opinion on Webster's part. It was not a sudden outburst of antipathy to these movements at the North. Webster had not been a participant in the movements of this class. They appeared to him productive of mischiefs in awakening in the South a passionate resentment and a defence of slavery as right and beneficent—an opinion the reverse of that which eminent men in the South and the North had once been agreed in avowing. In a note to his printed speech Webster quoted from a letter of Channing, written to him more than twenty years before, in which he had said that it is our duty to show to the Southern States that we are their *friends* and not their *enemies*, deprecated everything which sows discord and exasperates sectional animosities, and, in regard to our efforts against slavery, expressed the fear that we should make the case worse by rousing sectional pride and passion for its support. Webster yearned for a return of the period when the character and influence of slavery were dispassionately considered—hopeless to most as a wish of this kind appeared. It was a part of his review of the history of slavery, masterly in its condensation and clearness. In the criticism of Webster's speech, however, it ought to be stated that he did not ignore the influence which the culture of cotton and the gains procured by this product had exerted in altering the current temper of feeling in the Southern States respecting the institution of slavery.

* Everett's "Memoir," Works of Webster, vol. i, p. clx.

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It is true, indeed, that his objections to the antislavery agitation in the free States, as it might have been foreseen, would prove, as they did prove, quite futile. The warfare against the institution of slavery by reasonings and invectives before popular assemblies and by political organizations it was vain to strive to quell by exhortations, even when these sprang from considerations conscientiously cherished. There might be abundant rashness and fanaticism mingled in a tide moral in its sources and its nature, but on this account it was not to be stayed by remonstrances, be they never so ardent and sincere.

In the compromise debate, the promoters of the antislavery cause in the North, by political as well as by other agencies, found a champion in Seward. He did not repudiate the authority of the Constitution, but he claimed that there is a higher law which has a prior title to obedience. He asserted, as he had asserted before, that slavery itself *can* and *must be* abolished, and *would be* by one or the other of two means; if not by moral causes and influences, inspiring voluntary action, then by violence following on the dissolution of the Union. He hazarded the bold declaration —a prophecy not verified—*There will be no disunion and no secession.* As to the return of fugitive slaves to their masters, the moral convictions of the people of the North, he said, will deter them from taking part in it. Their sentiment is the dictate of the *higher law* which enjoins for such refugees from oppression hospitality, "which," he said, "your Constitution and laws convert into a crime."

Seward was right in judging that the antislavery sentiment in the free States would not be essentially weakened by antagonistic efforts. And he was right in foreseeing that it would go on increasing in its power of influence. But his prediction that no secession or disunion was coming proved to be an illusion. Webster was right in holding disunion to be not so improbable an event. Webster was incorrect in the persuasion that should a separation occur it would be perpetual. But he showed the insight of an oracle in proclaiming that liberty and union are inseparable, and in so stamping this conviction and his exposition of the intent of the Constitution on his fellow-citizens, the young and the old, that when the hour came for taking up arms in defence of the national unity the lessons that he had instilled nerved the host of its defenders in the contest.

Happily, Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln incorporated in popular addresses the truth that the ideal, the type of civilization in this country, unites indispensably union and freedom. These came to be associated as the two pillars of our civil polity. The unqualified necessity of a continuance of the Union as it existed was the one cause and the sole moral defence, so far as the North is concerned, of the Civil War, with its great sacrifice of treasure and of life. If it was a fault of Webster to present in debate a lukewarm picture of the evils and dangers of slavery, an *underestimate* of dangers and calamities inseparable from the overthrow of the union of the States was undeniably the fault of a great number of his contemporaries who assailed him with unsparing detraction.

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THE ADMIRABLE WHOOPLE

By Nelson Lloyd

Illustrations by Fletcher C. Ransom

IN all our valley there is no man so agreeable as Stacy Whoople, none so accomplished, none so versatile. One might be inclined to add, none so handsome; but the truth is, the Pleasantville tailor has been more lavish in his gifts to Stacy than Nature in hers. Figure a bit too spare? Hair a trifle thin and dank? What are they when hidden beneath the graceful folds of a black Prince Albert and a dashing pearl fedora? In all our valley there is no voice so deep, so full, so big as his, and yet so soft; no fiddle that can sing like his from sunset to sunrise; no arm so strong at swinging corners; no feet so light at "chassey all." When a rifle barks just once on Gander Ridge and the dogs stop their baying, they say in the store, "Stacy's shootin'." When a light burns late in the window at the end of the village street, they say, "Stacy sets late a-stedyin'." For Stacy is a scholar.

The Admirable Whoople! Witness what the women of our valley say of him. It is written in black and white, in dots and dashes and curls in Miss Emily Hannaberry's note-book, that skeleton in our valley's closet, that repository of so much we would have left unsaid. Miss Hannaberry is a most estimable woman. But few of us would raise a voice against her, and for those few the inspiration would not be the good woman herself, but her ambition and her note-book. It was her ambition that led her to the study of stenography, so her note-book was her constant companion. Forth it came whenever two or three were gathered together, and speech ceased with us to be a vehicle for the conveyance of ideas from man to man; it became merely a means by which Miss Emily was to obtain practice in speed, in accuracy and in neatness Now the women of our valley cannot deny those thoughtless words regarding Stacy Whoople. That would reflect on Miss Hannaberry's accuracy and clearness. Witness them, then.

It was at a meeting of the Sisters of the Heathen, about a year ago, according to Miss Emily's record, and some months before the advent of Rhoda Bunting into the life of Six Stars, that there was raised in praise of Stacy Whoople every voice in our valley that would bring a tingle to the ears of a man in whose veins ran red blood. We skip that part of the Hannaberry notes bearing on the barrel of blankets and garments in course of packing for Africa, and we find that A. M. C. (meaning Annie May Carter) said, "He is certainly the tastiest dresser in the county." To this rejoins S. L. (presumably Sarah Larker), "It's a treat to hear him sing." More about Central Africa, and Martha Killowill exclaims with much asperity, "He's entirely too good for her." Who this inferior person was the record does not disclose, but we have here a hint that at this time Stacy was paying rather assiduous attention to someone. So Lizzie Bawkis thinks, for at the conclusion of her report on the famine in India we find her exclaiming, "It 'ud be a shame for such a pretty man as him to marry a girl as is naturally so plain." Someone declares that the mysterious "she" is an elegant housekeeper, but all women are thus divinely gifted, and a chorus of exclamation points, as Miss Emily describes the outburst, greets this assertion.

"To think," cries A. M. C., "of her as was raised in Slender Gut even dreamin' of movin' into the finest house in town!" Impossible indeed! "What would his Ma say, was she alive, with such a dotter-in-law to handle all them fine old Whoople hair-looms?" Lizzie Bawkis exclaims.

But Mrs. Whoople's long rest was never disturbed by such earthly calamities. The mysterious girl so disapproved by the Sisters of the Heathen was but one of Stacy's passing fancies, as many of those very Sisters had been, and as they hoped to be again; for Stacy was fickle. Eminently fitted for love-making, he was pre-eminently unfit for matrimony. What wife will listen to a husband's songs? The wail of the fiddle awakens the baby. Why train in

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the debate for the forum, if one's life-work is splitting wood for the kitchen fire? So Whoople was wary. We know, though, that the mysterious girl was not Rhoda Bunting, for it was months later that she came to our valley.

It was Snyder County that gave us Rhoda. From that home of culture, the Airy Grove Musical Seminary, she came to us to give lessons on the melodion and the Killowill's piano. A trim little thing she was! I see her now, as she used to start out each morning with her sailor hat tilted dashingly over that fine head of hair of burnished copper, shading as bright a pair of eyes as ever our valley has seen, shading a pair of dimpled cheeks whose roses even the wind and sun could not hide. A trim figure was hers, encased in a tight black jersey; and a masterful stride she had, a step full of spirit. Swinging her music roll, she was off on that weary route of hers that led from valley's end to valley's end, sometimes circling the ridges, sometimes braving the mountains where the wooded solitude was broken by some soul's striving after art as it is in a melodion. And sunset brought her home again, a bit jaded, perhaps, but trim still, and cheery.

Stacy Whoople, sitting on his porch one evening, noticed her as she trudged up the village street, homeward bound to the Killowill's, where she had taken board. Of course he would never have given her another thought had she not come by the very next evening, at the very same minute, when the weathercock on the Larker's barn was ablaze in the evening sun. The third night he unconsciously turned his chair, turned his back on the square and all its interests, that his eyes might fetch the bend in the road. And when she went by he called a pleasant "good evening" to her. He expected the girl to make an inaudible reply and hide her face from him by looking away. Instead she smiled, so cheerily that he half started from his chair. But he quickly recovered, and let her pass. It was not long, though, till he went into the house and garbed himself in his Prince Albert.

Poor mice! Poor men! Poor Stacy Whoople! When, in a well-laid plan, you have spent a half hour getting your tie straight; when you have tallowed your boots until a dust speck seems like a great blotch; when you have soaped your hair down and brushed your coat till it shines like a dish-pan; when you have gently rapped on the door and heard a soft voice bid you enter—it is your right to find her alone. But if there must be another there, your right is to demand that he be a man—a man like yourself, all brushed and soaped and tallowed. To find her with the one boy in all the village you abominate; to find him gayly rattling music from a mouth-organ, with the girl so busy accompanying him on the Killowill's piano that she can only turn her head and smile at you—that is the unkindest cut. So it befell Stacy Whoople.

Rhoda Bunting smiled pleasantly. Her greeting was warm enough, but she pounded the keys with redoubled vigor.

Willie Calker paused a moment to catch his breath and knock the harmonica on the leg of his chair.

"Ho, Stace," he said. Then he plunged into the music again.

The Admirable Whoople sat pigeon-foot awhile, eying the tips of his boots. After an interminable time he eased himself by a swing to crow-foot, inspecting his heels. From crow-foot to pigeon-foot, from pigeon-foot back he went, till at last the music caught his feet, and the rumble of the floor sounded solemnly through the whine of the mouth-organ and the clatter of the piano. Rhoda heard it. With one last mad dash her fingers twiddled along the keys in the fashion most approved at Airy Grove, and she swung around on the stool and faced him.

"My, but it sounds nice!" he said.

"I'm glad you like it," the girl answered. "Willie and me play regular."

The boy knocked his harmonica ominously on the chair-leg for a moment. Then, looking up, he crossed glances with Stacy Whoople so sharply that the fire flew.

"It would sound better without the mouth-organ," said Stacy boldly. "Harmonicas is meant for babies to cut their teeth on. When I come again, I'll bring me fiddle."

"That would be lovely!" Rhoda pronounced each word with emphasis, and, clasping her hands, leaned toward him, so that in the lamplight the man could see her face, eager as it was with honest enthusiasm.

The harmonica was knocking ominously on the chair-leg.

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"The mouth-organ would spoil it," declared Stacy. "It's first-rate when you are fetchin' the cows home, but for an evenin' entertainment——." He shrugged his shoulders. He was talking to Rhoda Buntaining, avoiding the boy's quiet eyes. He had never noticed Willie before except to kick him out of the way, and now more than ever there was need to ignore him. "As I was sayin', for an evenin' entertainment——"

Willie Calker was not to be ignored.

"It would be nice to have you play with us, Stace," he said, "if you could only do somethin' besides jigs."

"As I was sayin', for an evenin' entertainment," repeated Whoople a bit louder; "as I was sayin'——"

"Jigs are a common kind of music," Willie went on. "Now if you'd take a few lessons——"

Swinging her music roll, she was off on that weary route of hers.—Page 588.

"I started to say somethin' about an evenin' entertainment," cried the Admirable, striving vainly not to be ferocious, for that would have been an admission of the boy's existence.

"You might be able to join us in playin' 'There's only me and you in the wide, wide world,'" said Willie. "S'posin' we play 'There's only me and you,' Rhoda, just to show him."

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Gayly rattling music from a mouth-organ, with the girl busy accompanying him.—Page 588.

The boy straightened up in his chair, clasped the harmonica to his mouth, swelled his cheeks, and swung away into the stirring strains. For Rhoda, there was no choice. She could not talk above these resounding harmonies. She could not stare at Mr. Whoople, and it looked foolish to sit there watching her folded hands. Her fingers waved over the keys with that grace peculiar to the pupils of Airy Grove, and the Killowill piano sang out with the harmonica.

It was better thus, after all. The lamp at her side brought out her clear profile against the gloom, and Stacy Whoople, watching the white hands feathering to and fro, watching her lithe form swaying with the music, saw that she did not look at the keys nor at her flying fingers, but away off, at the ceiling, and he said to himself, "It's wonderful!"

Poor mice! Poor men! Poor Stacy Whoople! One night of such misery aroused his anger. The second awakened in him a dogged determination for a victory even at the cost of his cherished freedom. The third broke his spirit: and when a man's spirit is broken this way he is in love. They say love makes us young again. It made a boy of the Admirable Whoople, and beside this sighing swain, Willie Calker, with his harmonica and his great red tie, was a dashing man about the valley. Stacy felt the change too. On the fifth morning, when he wandered into the Calker's garden, Willie was weeding the onion bed, kneeling at his feet, a mere mite that he could crush with one blow of his heavy boots. The lad smiled at him, and called him "Stace," not with effrontery, but by right; and Whoople bore it, for he knew that in reality he was the suppliant; that in that dream-garden where he would be wandering, he was on his knees while the masterly boy towered over him.

"You mind what I told you last night," Stacy began.

"You mind what I told you," Willie re-

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torted, turning over and propping himself up with his wide-spread hands.

"I sayd I'd give you five cents a night to stay away—— That's all it's worth," cried the other. "The idee, anyhow, of my paying you to keep away! You otter be kicked out."

"You dassent," returned the boy calmly. "You know you dassent, too. She thinks a heap of me and I think a heap of her. That's why it's worth ten cents for me to stay away at nights."

Stacy sat down on a tomato frame, and for a long time contemplated the twirling end of a blade of timothy he held in his hand. "You know it ain't right, Willie," he began more softly. "You ottent to sell yourself that way."

"Folks allus gets more for doin' what's wrong, don't they?" returned the boy.

"But s'posin' I told her on you?" said Whoople, with a touch of defiance.

"Yes, s'posin'," retorted Willie. "She'd like to know that you was payin' me ten cents an evenin' so you could set up with her, wouldn't she? You'd better s'posin' somethin' else." The boy arose and stood before his rival. "You offered me a nickel, Stace Whoople," he went on. "You otter be ashamed of yourself. It ain't right, as you say, so I wants a dime, for it ain't often I've a chance to play duets with anybody as was educated in a regular cemetary. Besides, I think a heap of Rhoda Bunting and she thinks a heap of me. She isn't so old and I'm not so young but what she might wait. I'm fourteen. When I'm twenty she'll be thirty, and there was young Elmer Barefoot, he was only twenty when he married that rich Widow Hockewout from Kishikoquillas. Then Theodore Spangle's wife is fifteen year older than him, and if I——"

"Hold on," cried Stacy, reaching out desperately and seizing the boy's hand —for Willie was slowly retreating from him. "Hold on! You mind what you sayd last night—you sayd it with fingers criss-crossed. Well, here's a dollar—ten evenin's, mind you——"

"I don't want——" Willie was struggling to protest.

He was too late. He stood there alone, contemplating a great silver coin, and Whoople had fled.

"Stace—Stace!" The boy ran to the gate and looked up the road, but there was no sign of his rival.

A bright silver dollar is a very fine thing to have when you are only fourteen. But when you are fourteen and love a woman; when you have a bright red tie and a harmonica; when the woman you love can play the Killowill's piano, it is dreadful to stand alone in the darkness, peering through the window into the cheerful room where she sits, and to know that you have sold your right to be with her. The dollar burned in Willie's hand that night. Once he thought

At last the music caught his feet.—Page 588.

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of hurling it away, into the mill-race. That was when she looked up from her playing and smiled at Stacy Whoople, and Stacy smiled back and swept the bow slowly across the strings so that they wailed softly. And how she played! The Killowills' piano had caught the fiddle's mood. Willie knew that. In the outer darkness he could not hear one note, but there by the window he could see her swaying to and fro; he could see the white hands flashing; he could see her face upturned in the lamplight halo as she watched the ceiling, dreamily. At her side, Stacy stood. He, too, was learning to play without watching the strings. His eyes were on her face, and as he swung the bow, he smiled. Sometimes she would look to him, and Willie could see their glances cross and the fire fly. Then it was that the dollar burned in his hand; but a dollar is not a thing to be lightly thrown away. To save it he hurried to his old retreat behind the mill, where, seated on the bank, he could contemplate the black waters of the dam.

All the solace of tobacco, all the soothing of the weed, a boy has in a grassy bank, a stretch of water, and a few pebbles. But when it is dark and you vent your anger in a wild swing of the arms—then there is silence—then that solemn splash out there in the blackness—that is better. Thus you hurl the devils from you. Thus you drown them out there in the inky sea. Then your arm gets sore, and your shoulder cramps—and peace comes to you.

So it was with Willie Calker. After he had sat a great while contemplating the wide reaches of that sea of his—the only sea he had ever known—he inserted two fingers in his mouth and whistled long and low. He did not have to rub a lamp or an ancient brass ring. His was a simpler mode of summoning his genii. Out of the pale glow of the square, Irving Killowill came slinking to him.

Willie pointed to the water. "Irving," he said, "does you mind the last time I soused you?"

The littler boy just chattered.

"Well, I'm glad you recollect," said the master calmly.

Irving chattered louder and beat his legs aimlessly with his hands.

"I'm not goin' to souse you now," Willie went on, "but I just wanted to warn you."

"Oh, thanks!" cried young Killowill; "I thot mebbe——"

"Don't think," commanded Willie. "I don't want you to think. Can you play the jews-harp?"

"I can play 'The Devil's Dream,'" replied Irving, with a ring of pride in his voice.

"That's the only jews-harp tune they is," returned his master. "That'll do. Can you keep up with the pianner and the fiddle?"

"It depends how fast they go," Irving answered.

"Do you mind the last time I soused you?" Willie pointed again to the black water.

"I guess I can keep up," faltered little Killowill.

"And do you want to earn five cents an evenin', easy work, steady job for nine evenin's?"

"Is there any danger?" asked Irving. To his mind such a prize was only to be won at some great risk, by daring life and limb. The thought of it stirred him. His fear of his master was gone now, in the prospect of the fortune, and he laid a hand on the other's shoulder and shook him. "Honest now," he cried, "ain't you foolin'?"

Willie stood up and for a moment gazed across the flat to the Killowill house, where the light was winking at him from the window. Then he turned to the boy, and seizing him by the arm, pointed to the water.

"Honest," he said solemnly. "And mind how you was soused the last time, that time you forgot to put the m'lasses in Martin Holmes's boots."

Irving Killowill minded the last time he was soused. He did the will of his master. Whether it was more from fear than the love of gain, I do not know; but he did it well, and on the fourth day Stacy Whoople strolled into the Calker's garden. He seated himself on a tomato frame, and for a long time silently watched Willie weeding the onion bed.

"How's the duets comin' along?" asked the boy, turning over, and propping himself up with his wide-stretched arms.

Whoople evaded the question. "I believe you have some infloonce with Irving Killowill," he said.

"Mebbe you might call it infloonce," Willie answered. "He's smaller than me."

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Drawn by Fletcher C. Ransom.

"You otter be kicked out."—Page 591.

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"He's smaller than me, too," returned Stacy, smiling grimly, "yet I haven't any infloonce. That's why I come to you. I'd rather have you a hundred times with your old mouth-organ than him a-joinin' in with 'The Devil's Dream' every time me and Rhoda gets started on a duet. What can I do? It's his Pa's house, and Rhoda, she's only a boarder." Stacy's voice was rising in wrath. "Sometimes I feel like I could kill him if only he was my size. Last night I was desperate. I went clear outen my head, I did, and I picked him up and dropped him out the window. It wasn't a minute till he was back agin, yang-yang-yangin' away at 'The Devil's Dream.'"

"Didn't Irving say nothin'?" inquired Willie, getting interested.

"He sayd somethin' about it not bein' so bad as a sousin'," replied Stacy gloomily. "I'm desperate, Willie—really, so I come to you. Me and you was allus friends, now wasn't we? You have infloonce. Couldn't you keep him away? For just one night, Willie, just the one night?"

"It might cost somethin'," the boy an-

"Irving, does you mind the last time I soused you?"—Page 592.

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swered, after some meditation. "Infloonce is expensive. Folks allus pays for it. Now if I had the money I might get Irving to walk down to East Harmonsville with me this evenin' to buy a plate of icc-crim."

"I'll give you a dime," said Stacy eagerly.

"But how about me?" the boy retorted. "Can't I have a plate? Isn't it worth somethin' to walk three miles and back—with Irving Killowill, too? About fifty cents 'ud really be right."

Stacy protested. Willie was firm. Stacy considered, eying intently the blade of timothy that he twirled in his fingers all the while. He hated to be mulcted, but he loved the girl. He felt toward her as he had never felt toward any other woman in the valley. For her he was ready to give up his freedom; all he wanted was the opportunity. To pay for that opportunity seemed against all tradition, but he was in the boy's power. And where in all the world is the man who, when he loves a woman and seeks to tell her that he loves her, will let the paltry matter of expenses stand between him and the realization of his hopes? The Admirable Whoople was not that man.

Stacy had forgotten the loss of his money by evening, when at last he faced his opportunity and stood with one hand on the Killowills' gate-post, watching the light in the room. She was there. Of course she was there, and Willie Calker and the obstreperous Irving must be well on the road to East Harmonsville. The way was clear. But he paused. At a crisis like this, when a man stands face to face with his opportunity, it is best not to rush in thoughtlessly. One is apt to be incoherent in his ardor. Calmness is what is needed. So Stacy turned a moment from the light and walked slowly up the road to the schoolhouse and back, thinking it all over—how, when they had played "There's only me and you in the wide, wide world," he was to draw her gently to the settee and tell her. He reached out into the night and gathered in an armful of darkness, when he came to that point. "There's only me and you, Rhoda," he was to say, "and the Willie Calkers and the Irving Killowills is just the same now as though they never was at all." Then she would say nothing. Such are times when women shouldn't talk. Stacy had reached that conclusion when he drew up at the gate again.

The light was out. The house was dark.

"Yang-yang-yangin' away at 'The Devil's Dream.'"
—Page 594.

This was no time to delay. His knock on the door was firm and masterful, but it brought no answer. He pounded. Above him a window was opened, and looking up he saw there, in the light of the rising moon, the venerable head of Elmer Killowill.

"Who's there?" shouted the old man.

"It's me," Stacy answered. "I've come to set up with Rhoda Bunting."

There was a gentle cackle above.

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Whoople's heart fell. Then Irving Killowill's head showed at the window beside that of his father.

"Ain't you heard?" called the old man. "Didn't Willie tell you?"

"Tell me what?" Stacy's voice faltered.

Old Killowill did not hear him; but it made no difference, for he shouted, "Her young man come from Snyder County today an' she's gone home to be married."

So Rhoda Bunting left us. So the Killowill piano is silent, and Stacy Whoople sits moodily on his porch, watching the turn of the road where he first saw her. He is free still, and there is much about him in the stenographic reports of the Sisters of the Heathen. We find mention of him in Miss Hannaberry's account of the last meeting, but of more vital interest is her quotation of Mrs. Calker.

"Speakin' of my Willie," says the widow, "have you seen his lovely mouth-organ with a bell on the end? He just got it from the city an' he plays it all the time; but he ain't the same as he used to be. He's snappy like, an' don't eat, an' kind o' moons around. If he was older I'd think he was in love, but bein' as he is so young I guess it's in-di-gestion."

"I've come to set up with Rhoda Bunting."—Page 595.

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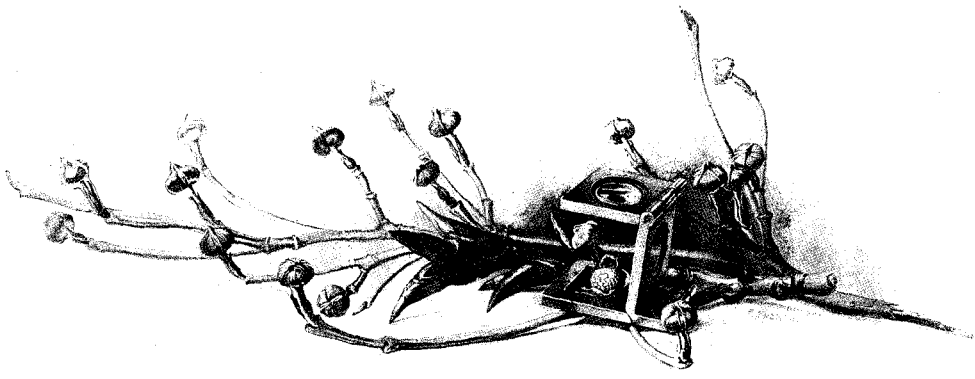

Winter buds of dogwood and poplar.

THE AWAKENING OF THE TREES

By Frank French

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE awakening of the trees, and the rapidity with which they array themselves in the new foliage of spring, always fill us with wonder. Each year they reveal anew their richness of life, but we are never quite prepared for the phenomenon, for in all their moods and aspects, save this one, the trees suggest to us the spirit of calmness, of deliberation, of repose.

We revisit the familiar forest of childhood with certain feelings of hesitation and doubt, fearing it may be so changed that we cannot renew the old intimacy. We examine the sugar-maples, and find upon their trunks but slight traces of the auger-holes which we bored in sapping-time long ago. They have done their best to conceal these old wounds with fresh bark. A few dead branches above, however, give mute evidence of the robbery of sap; otherwise they are unchanged. The oaks which were young when we were boys are still young. The beeches, upon which we carved our initials in boyhood, stand with the firmness of Doric columns, still displaying our signatures in their bark, as though striving by these tokens to keep our memory green.

The ripening and decay of autumn, when not unduly hastened by frost and storm, steals on gradually. The leaves fall silently, one by one, exposing the nakedness of the trees so gradually that we scarcely notice the process of denudation. But when the balmy breath of spring breathes through the branches, and the sun shines forth with the compelling energy of the first few days of real spring weather, a wonderful transformation is quickly wrought. Trees which have long stood brown and bare are now clothed in a shimmering veil of color, each variety enveloped in an aureole of characteristic tint, by which the practised eye may recognize it from a distance. If we come near and examine the texture of this gauzy fabric which the trees have thrown about themselves so quickly, we will find it composed of little downy leaves or flowers, or both.

Blossom time with its fresh and fragrant charm will never cease to bring a pleasant surprise; but to him who has kept an eye upon the buds, nature emphasizes her character for strictest order and prearrangement, notwithstanding this somewhat spasmodic gush of life and movement in the trees

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Norway maple.

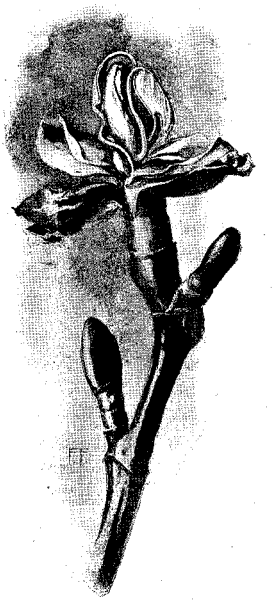
Sweet-gum tree or liquidambar.
Opening bud and last year's seed capsule.

Winter bud of horse-chestnut.

every special end, is nowhere more forcibly illustrated than in the development of the buds, and in the various means adopted for their protection during the long sleep of winter. Observation of these winter buds will disclose ample evidence that the trees are fore-handed, having completed their preparations for the spring adornment months before the season arrives. It will also show that while the trees appear to stand unshielded in the winter blasts, the extremities, tender and susceptible to cold, are most carefully and cleverly protected, each according to its needs.

A very useful aid in examining the winter buds is a good magnifying glass of short focus. I have found a glass set in a folding brass frame, as shown in the head-piece to this article, a convenient assistant to this study, and a good thing to have in the pocket when rambling, at all seasons. Many flowers are so small that the unaided eye does not fully reveal their beauty. Place under such a glass a cluster of saxifrage blossoms, or those of the common yarrow, the dandelion, or the flower-heads of grasses, and you will discern much of elegance and grace which before escaped you. The head-piece also shows the winter buds of the common large flowering dogwood, which appear when the bluebird comes to sing amongst their branches. Away back in midsummer, after the early blossoming trees had ripened their fruit, the buds began to grow upon the twigs, and before the time for killing frost arrived they were finished. Within their protecting envelopes rested the flowers and leaves of the coming year, carefully folded or rolled like choice bits of lace or ribbon in my lady's cabinet, ready to be shaken out in the spring-time, without wrinkle or blemish; each leaf having its every rib and vein, each flower its every petal or stamen or pistil, every pollen grain and minutest part which belongs to the mature flower.

The infinite variety of nature's laws, the nice adaptation of all forms of life to varying circumstances and conditions, the wonderful inventive genius which nature displays in devising a particular means to



Winter bud of tulip tree.

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Catalpa blossoms.

pear in form like a boy's top, held upside down by a stout peduncle. Growing from the base of, and clasping this peduncle, are the leaf-buds. This flower-bud consists of a cluster of tiny flowers which form its centre, and which are the true blossoms. These are enclosed by the gray involucre which is to expand and whiten into the large petal-like scales which render this tree so conspicuously beautiful in April, and which furnish the only protection needed by these hardy flowers throughout the winter. These buds began to develop in the preceding July.

The same illustration shows a terminal twig of poplar, with its long pointed buds. I found the outer scale very tightly closed, and hermetically sealed, with a sticky resinous substance. On opening it I found that each bud, except the terminal one, contained a perfectly formed catkin, but no leaves. The catkins were protected within the scales by brownish hair, but the interior was free from the resinous substance with which the outside scales were varnished. I found the cavity of the terminal bud filled with this substance, and, carefully rolled up, the

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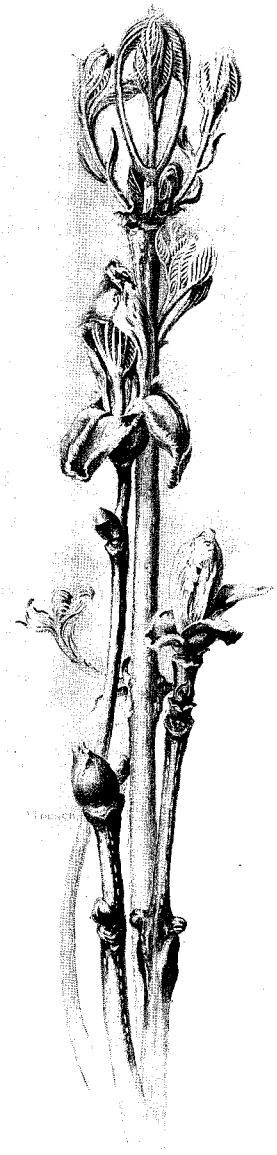
young leaves floated in it like thin shreds of tender green in a pitcher of golden drips. Here, no doubt, was a condition of frailty which the tightly closed scales, and the hair, were insufficient to protect; hence this single bud alone of a group of five secreted this caloric gum.

The stately tulip tree has a very interesting winter bud. In May, together with its odd-shaped leaves, it unfolds a beautiful tulip-like blossom, of a greenish yellow splashed with orange and red, which is scarcely rivalled by its neighbor of the garden. The bud is oval in form. It has two pairs of protecting scales which unite firmly at their edges. Within these scales are two bracts which remain after the scales have fallen as stipules for the leaves. The tulip occupies the centre of the bud, and about it the leaves are folded. [Page 598.]

No other member of the family of trees exhibits such a taste for striking toilet as the red maple. Late in March, or in early April, her winter buds open with the suddenness of magic, and her twigs are hung with gay tassels so numerous and brilliant in color as to cause her to blush scarlet as she stands in apparent consciousness of her own beauty. I use the pronoun "she" advisedly, for if we find one red maple more brilliantly red than another, we may be sure that its blossoms are pistillate, the staminate blossoms having more of yellow and less of red. The flower stems lengthen rapidly, the petals soon fall, and the samaras or keys begin to form. These stems as well as the keys are even more brilliant than were the flowers, and hang gracefully pendent, glowing in the sun like ornaments of ruby. Later she adopts a robe of green, but still retains a note of red in the leaf stems and young twigs. At the coming of autumn she again challenges admiration as she flaunts a scarlet robe from the hillside.



Development of a shellbark hickory bud.

The shellbark hickory is perhaps the most interesting tree we have, because it is a strictly American tree, and so wedded to its native soil that it refuses to become a citizen of any other country. In the sturdiness of its roots and trunk, in the boldness in which it flings out its tough branches, in its strong individuality of character, and in its general fruitfulness, not forgetting its uncouth roughness of bark, it further manifests its strong Americanism. Its winter buds are large and interesting. Early in spring the dark-brown outer scales fall away. The inner scales then lengthen to protect the growing leaf, sometimes attaining a length of five inches. These inner scales are marvels of beauty both in texture and in color. The body of the scale is thick and leathery, while its surfaces, especially the inner, are soft with a silken nap gorgeously dyed in yellow, orange, and red, suggesting the chimney-corner, and the heat which glows from a hickory log. The illustration shows the development of one of these buds from its winter state to the moment when the cradle wraps have been cast aside and the leaf, no longer an infant, goes forth to do its share of the work of the community.

In the illustration [page 598] which shows a twig of Norway maple and sweet-gum, the

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Red maple.

flowers of the maple seem to be trooping out of the opening bud into the sunshine like children dismissed from school. This tree came to us as an emigrant from Europe, and like other imported trees it holds its leaves two or three weeks later in the autumn than the natives. The group of leaves and inflorescence which terminate the twig of the sweet-gum represents the contents of a single winter bud.

The horse-chestnut, so familiar as a shade tree, is another importation from Europe. Its winter buds are so large and so accessible that they would seem to offer a most convenient field for observation. And so they do, but some skill and much patience is needed in order successfully to explore their interiors. The outer scales are smeared with sticky gum which clings to one's knife-blade and fingers most tenaciously. Re-

Tulip tree blossoms.

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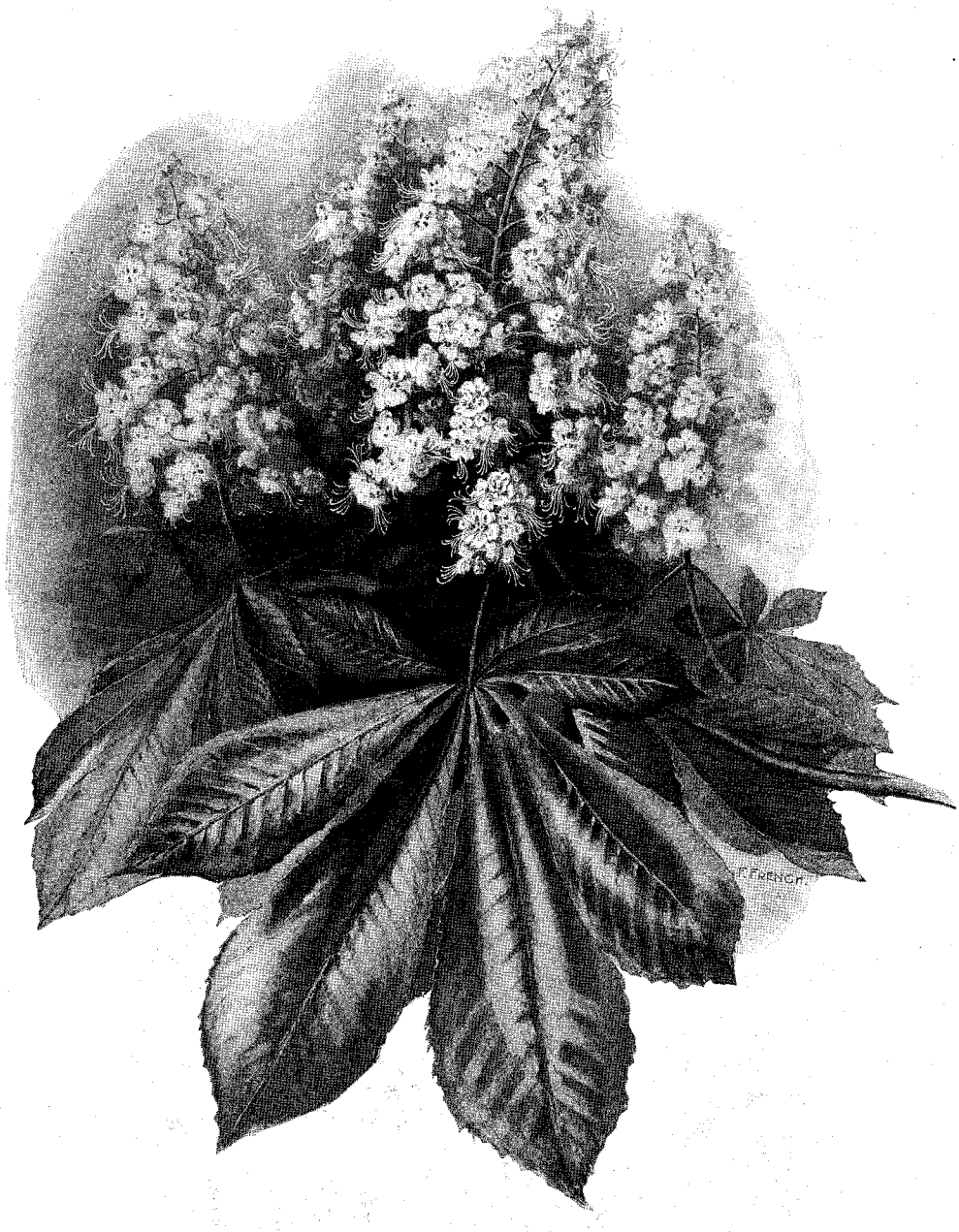

Horse-chestnut.

moving the scales discloses a dense mass of white woolly tomentum in which are packed four compound leaves, each having its seven leaflets folded about the central flower cluster, which may contain more than a hundred flowers. Proper care in removing so much of this packing as does not adhere persistently to the leaflets will cause them to appear, with the flowers, as in the illustration [page 598]. You will then see

> The gray hoss-chestnuts' leetle hands unfold
> Softer'n a baby's be at three days old.

Our native catalpa tree bears a blossom nearly as large as that of the tulip

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tree, which it far outclasses in beauty and style. These exquisite flowers are borne in great panicles eight to ten inches long, each complete panicle issuing from a single bud. If we look for this bud in the winter we will find it no larger than a grain of bird shot. If we cut it open and put it under a glass, no evidence of coming leaves or flowers will appear. This does not imply slothfulness on the part of the catalpa. Late June and July is its coming-out season, and the early spring affords ample time for the completion of its toilet. During this mysterious season of preparation the tree appears lifeless and forlorn. If we watch its buds, however, we will see that it is by no means dead, and that this is, in fact, its busy season. The catalpa is preparing a surprise which will be the more striking because it will come after the toilets of nearly all the other trees have lost their greatest charm. It will then be magnificent in its ample robe of green, over which will be thrown a sumptuous mantle of white floral embroidery, streaked and spotted with purple and gold.

WHEN WE TWO WALKED IN ARCADY

By Caroline Duer

I

When we two walked in Arcady
How sweet the summers were!
How thick the branches overhead,
How soft the grass beneath our tread,
And thickets where the sun burned red
Were full of wings astir, my dear.
When we two walked in Arcady
Through paths young hearts prefer.

II

Since we two walked in Arcady
(How long ago it seems!)
High hopes have died disconsolate;
The calm-eyed angel men call Fate
Stands with drawn sword before the gate
That shuts out all our dreams, my dear;
Since we two walked in Arcady
Beside the crystal streams.

III

Beyond the woods of Arcady
The little brooks are dry.
The brown grass rustles in the heat,
The roads are rough beneath our feet,
Above our heads no branches meet,
And yet, although we sigh, my dear,
Beyond the woods of Arcady
We see more of the sky!

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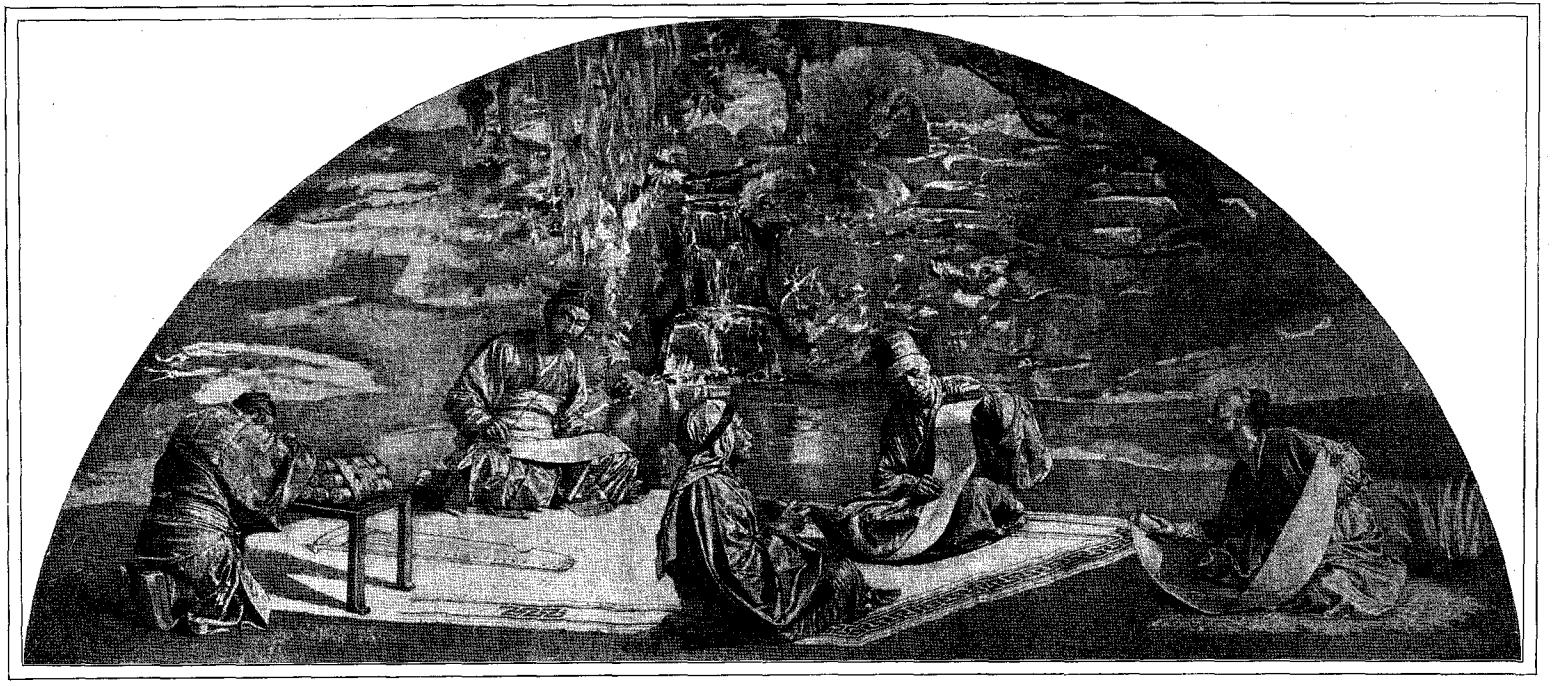

The Recording of Precedents.

Confucius and his favorite pupils collate and transcribe documents in his favorite grove.

Drawing by John La Farge.

—*See "Field of Art," page 638.*

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A DOUBTING THOMAS

By Carter Goodloe

THERE was a dinner-party at the Inspector's. This sounds grander than the facts warrant, but it was a very cosy little stag party of six, just the same. Besides the host, Captain Whitney, of the Highwood detachment, there was Captain Stanway, a brother officer from Fort MacLeod; young Allen of the Crow's Nest ranche; Ingalls, a member of Parliament for Assiniboia; Prof. Thomas Berwick, of Oriel College, Oxford, the guest of honor; and Father Lemaire, the French Catholic priest, who knows more about the Indians of Northwest Canada than everybody else put together, including the Indians themselves.

They had discussed a number of interesting topics during the evening, but the professor had always skilfully led the conversation back to the subject of Indians. Apparently he knew everything but Indians, and equally apparently he was bent on acquiring as much information about them as possible before the evening was over. The professor called it "data," and he turned his spectacled eyes with almost ferocious interest upon first one and then another of the captain's guests as they contributed bits of personal experience or legends or theories concerning the Indians. Everything was to go down in a little red note-book before the professor slept.

"And, by Jove, the rummy beggars brought the identical rocks and tin pans and kettles into court the next day as evidence! It was a sight to see them file into the room hugging a large black pot or a heavy stone. Nothin' would have induced 'em to part with 'em, and I gave 'em big damages." It was Allen of the Crow's Nest ranche and a J. P. who was talking.

"They hadn't done a thing," he went on, "but cut down a few of old Cartwright's trees to get poles for their tepees, but Lord! he was in an awful temper over it, and rocked 'em hard. They were as wise as serpents and didn't return fire at all, but just gathered in the stones as they sailed over, each one keeping the particular one he was hit with. When the rocks were used up Cartwright and his son got hold of their ironmongery and shied that at 'em. Ditto—they each held on to the kettle or pan that had landed on them, and produced the whole outfit in court before me next day. It was all I could do to keep from bursting with laughter when I saw that banged-up crowd and the rocks and kitchen things. *I* thought they had acted rather well and let 'em off easy and gave Cartwright and his son no end of a blowin'-up and fines."

The professor stopped sipping his coffee and leaned far back.

"Bless my soul! Most interesting," he said meditatively, looking at Allen. "In fact, I find the whole subject of the North American Indian, in all its ramifications, very fascinating. And I feel it not only my pleasure, but my duty to study him. It is for that purpose, indeed, that I left Oxford to come among them. I have only three months, my time is short, but I presume ——" He stopped, arrested by the look of blank amazement on Captain Whitney's face. Allen thought it was a joke and looked up to laugh, but seeing the professor's serious countenance, suddenly choked and drank some water.

The professor looked uneasily around at the silent company.

"You don't think——" he began tentatively.

Stanway threw up his hands. "Oh! *we* can't tell you anything at all," he declared. "We are only soldiers, and aren't supposed to really understand the beggars. Besides we've only been out here a short while. Whitney's been here ten years, but I'm a new-comer—only five. Ingalls *ought* to know something about 'em—he helps legislate for 'em—but I doubt if he does. Father Lemaire is the only man around here who really *knows* 'em. He's lived with 'em and preached to 'em and punished and rewarded and bossed 'em generally. Ask him."

The priest was gazing down at his plate and turning his coffee-cup around and

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around. There was an enigmatical smile on his face. The professor twisted himself in his chair and looked rather helplessly at him. From his place at the other end of the table, Ingalls could see the two, and there was an amused twinkle in his eye.

"I am afraid I cannot tell you much about them." The priest spoke English with so little accent that it would be impossible to indicate it. He could talk ten unpronounceable Indian dialects fluently, and it wasn't likely that he would make a mistake in a little thing like English. "*Que sais-je?* I have only been among them thirty years, and they are very hard to know."

"Thirty years!" the professor gasped. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"It is as nothing. They are like children —it is hard to get at their real thoughts and feelings. I go among a tribe. I make friends with them, convert them, help them all I can. They come to me with their troubles, their grievances; I say 'do this, or do that,' and they obey. I think to myself, 'At last I know them and they love me. They are my children, I am their father!' And then some fine day—pouf! something happens and I find I know nothing about them; I am a stranger among them, and I must begin all over again."

The priest raised his eyes and looked around. Captain Whitney nodded appreciatively.

"That's just it," he said. "Now you know them and now you don't! There seems to be some invisible barrier between the Anglo-Saxon race and the Indian, and every now and then we come a cropper over it. We think we are going to spread the mantle of civilization over him and that it will fit very neatly, when suddenly we discover a bare place that hasn't been covered at all, and no matter how we twist and pull and tuck in that mantle, always an odd corner will stick out and show us that it is a misfit."

The professor looked a trifle dazed. He rubbed the bald spot on his head excitedly.

"Bless my soul!" he said; "I don't think I quite understand. If your language were a little less—ah—figurative——"

Allen saw his opportunity to laugh. He did so.

"Whitney's only trying to tell you, professor," he explained, "that although to all outward appearances the Indian is a commonplace, ordinary enough individual with many characteristics which we understand and recognize, and as guileless seemingly as Mr. Bret Harte's 'heathen Chinee,' yet at bottom he's as different from us as daylight is from darkness—I should say just the other way about. I don't mind confessing that he has frequently surprised *me* most considerably. Now there was that curious affair of the Lost Mine——"

Captain Whitney held up a warning hand.

"Don't, don't Allen! Not just yet. That story taxes the credulity of us who are used to the Indian—don't tell it to Professor Berwick yet. He'll only think you an unconscionable liar. Wait a while——"

"Yes," interrupted Stanway, "wait until he discovers that their religious traditions sound surprisingly like the Old Testament; that they know all about the flood and Noah and the Ark, and that it was a willow and not an olive branch the dove brought back, and that they have masonic orders with proper degrees and grips and things, and that their prophets are wonderful old chaps and could have given points to Hosea and the rest of them. It's the prophets I can't account for. But as I am a mere soldier and a sinful creature not to be implicitly believed, I let Father Lemaire vouch for them."

The priest shrugged his shoulders again.

"It *is* curious," he said a little unwillingly, "and undoubtedly, although there have been false prophets among them as among the Jewish tribes, yet some of the Indian seers have a marvellous faculty for divining the future. You know their powers are quite distinct from those of the medicine man. The good Father Charlevoix has left us many instances of such power, and I myself have known of many——" he hesitated slightly, as if uncertain whether to go on. The professor smiled indulgently on him.

"But of course such occurrences or coincidences are easily explained." The professor beamed around on the company. It was impossible that these men could seriously believe in Indian prophets.

"Doubtless, and it is to men of learning like yourself that we look for the scientific explanation of such things." The priest looked calmly at the Oxford don as he spoke, and somehow his glance irritated that gentleman.

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